Songs

AND

OCCASIONAL POEMS,

ON

various Subjects.

BY THOMAS HALL

CAPTAIN IN THE BENGAL ARMY.

"*Cantantes minus via lædit.*"

"*Quid nos nocebit tentare?*"

Calcutta:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONORABLE

FRANCIS EARL OF MOIRA, K. G.

GOVERNOR GENERAL AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF

OF BRITISH INDIA,

&c. &c. &c.

My Lord,

In submitting the following pages to public inspection under the sanction of your Lordship's name, I have reason to feel at once both pride and humility; pride, that the volume should be introduced under such illustrious patronage, and humility, that the character and execution of the work, should so little merit it.

Sensible indeed of its humble pretensions, I should not have presumed to dedicate it to your Lordship, had I not possessed a confident

hope, that your Lordship's well known kindness and condescension, would induce you to overlook in the motives of the Author, the defects of his performance.

I have the Honor to be,
with every possible respect,
MY LORD,
YOUR LORDSHIP'S,
Most obedient humble Servant,
THOMAS HALL.

FORT WILLIAM.
March, 1814.

Preface.

Conscious as the author must naturally be, of the numerous errors and imperfections of the following pages, it would indeed be presumption in him to usher them forth to public inspection, without attempting in some degree to palliate, or at least account for such intrusion. Indeed few writers have had sufficient confidence to risk so serious an ordeal, without some previous explanation.

It is therefore incumbent on him to state, that the poems (if they are entitled to the name) were never intended to meet the public eye, but merely for the perusal of the circle of his acquaintance; but having gradually encreased to a number sufficient to form a small Volume, he in compliance with the very flattering solicitation of several friends, now submits them to more general inspection; trusting to the candour and liberality of his readers not to criticize too severely, the first effort of his muse.

Several of them were written on board the General Stuart Indiaman, and the pleasing reception they met with from the author's fellow passengers, and officers on board that ship, has been no small inducement to his publishing them.

Another reason for putting them in print, was the numerous applications he received for copies of the Recommendation, and other Songs; but which from their length, he was unable to comply with.

He is fully aware, that if a man will start from comparative obscurity, and with vanity and presumption attempt to place himself in the attitude of Apollo, on the literary pedestal, he has no right to complain, if his proportions are examined with a scrutinizing rigour, if comparisons are drawn disadvantageous to him, or if on being proved glaringly defective, he is forced down from that station, which he has so unnecessarily and injudiciously assumed. But the author on the other hand, trusts his readers will agree with him in the assertion; that every thing must have a beginning, and that,

"*He who never risks can never win.*"

Some of the Songs, particularly "The Recommendation," that on the late Right Hon'ble Lord Lake, and the "Three Regiments more," were inserted several years past, in the Calcutta and Madras newspapers; they have since been revised, corrected, and he trusts it will not be presumption in him to add, considerably improved.

He has already in the introduction to the "Recommendation," adverted to the possibility, of particular allusions being considered as personal; he will not say "*Qui capit ille facit,*" but assure his readers, that his sole object in the composition, was to endeavour to pourtray in proper colours, the absurdity of expectations which never can be realized; and which can be conducive to no other end, than disappointment and vexation.

The song of the "Three Regiments more," was written at a period, when every military man had already promoted himself in his own imagination, to superior rank; when every Post echoed the fascinating intelligence, that three Regiments were immediately to

be added to the Establishment; and when the disappointments were commensurate to the unauthorized reports. Would they had been true, for the sake of a brave and enterprizing army, who have long continued to deserve the approbation, and applause of their country! The author hopes the day is arrived, when their individual and collective merits will be duly appreciated; and when honor and virtue, will alone become the just and certain path, to patronage and protection.

In one or two of the poems (particularly that on Wm. Oliver,) the Author confesses that some of the ideas were borrowed from a prosaic description of the occurrence, which he met with so far back as the year 1804: but he is not conscious of plagiarism in any other instance. It behoves him however to speak with caution; well assured how very difficult it must ever be, to keep free from such error; particularly to those who are accustomed to peruse various poetical works.

A most respectable English writer remarks, "that "faded ideas, float in the fancy like half forgotten "dreams; and the imagination in it's fullest enjoy-

" ment, becomes suspicious of it's offspring; and " doubts whether it has created or adopted."

It is necessary to advert to the numerous errors of the press, which have in a great measure arisen, from the author's long indisposition, having precluded his attending so much to the correction of the proofs as he could have wished: he trusts however that under such peculiar circumstances, they will be pardoned.

With every possible respect for the female part of his readers, the author begs to assure them, that no recompence can ever be half so gratifying, or one which he is so ambitious to obtain as their approbation.

Many of the poems are addressed to them, and if he has in the smallest degree succeeded in offering a just tribute, to the numerous virtues and perfections of the sex, it must ever afford him the most lively satisfaction.

The author trusts that although this Volume may not be entitled to any merit, it may still afford some amusement to the reader; and by exacting an occasional

smile, dispel the gloom, which this ungenial climate, and a long and painful separation from our native country and friends, but too often produces even on the most *philosophic* minds.

Begging to apologize, for trespassing so long on the patience of his readers, he now with every possible deference, commits the Volume to its fate!

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OCCASIONAL POEMS.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

Arms and the man! but soft—I'm wrong,
The man is nought without the song;
He for himself no favor woos,
And only asks it for his muse.

Arms and the muse! a couple fit,
In friendly unison to knit;
Birds of a like and lofty feather,
They pair most cordially together.

Arms and the muse! alike they yield,
The produce of a laurel field,
And fruitless both, their laurel bowers,
Are framed alone of leaves and flowers.

Arms and the muse! alike they give,
The noblest impulses that live,
The heart's best sentiments inspire,
And rouse, in earthly frames, etherial fire!



THE

RECOMMENDATION;

OR,

CADET'S PROGRESS.

I HOPE it is not necessary to put on a grave face and tell the world, that the RECOMMENDATION, is not a LIBEL against Indian Hospitality, or that the author in any part of it, alludes directly or indirectly to any individual in this never-to-be-half-enough-admired-metropolis. But there is no knowing (beforehand) *with any degree of certainty*, what is necessary and what is unnecessary, and therefore it is prudent to be provided against accidents.

Be it therefore known, to all grave and sober cynics, of tender hearts, but choleric habits, whom harmony cannot harmonise, nor rhyme bring to reason, that by the CADET's PROGRESS, is simply meant the PROGRESS of a CADET, from Leadenhall street, or any other street, to his namesake CADET FLOUEST's or some such hospitable mansion in this *Mega Thauma* of cities Calcutta; with a loving letter of *Recommendation* in his red pocket Book, procured for him by his grand mother's ninth cousin, from a distant branch of a worthy family in the Orkneys, who was connected by lineal consanguinity with a certain *John Stiles*, in the East Indies; Alias Brigadier General perhaps—*Tomkins!* Civil or Military *ad libitum*, and his son, grandson, great grandson; and so downwards in a direct descending line *ad infinitum*,—that by such letter of Recommendation, to the aforesaid Brigadier, Colonel, Major or Captain N. B. none lower: or Senior Merchant, Junior Merchant or Factor, and another letter of credit on Messrs. A. B. C. and Co. for 150 Sicca Rupees equal to 18*l.* 15*s.* Sterling money of Great Britain, (payable 40 days after sight,) he becomes puffed up with certain *airy* notions, which plain men term *worldly Vanity*, calls the Natives *Soors*, (*anglice* PIGS!) Perambulates the streets in the sun to evince his magnanimity; considers every house his home and every thing Indian *homely*,—and then, in a fit of Bile and Banter, passion and

poetry—happy state of philosophic composure! decants off the exuberance of his spirit in some such fanciful monody, as the following,

RECOMMENDATION.

1.

When to India I went,
On a fortune intent;
Determin'd to better my station:
Each friend of mine said,
That my fortune was made;
As I had a Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation,
A beautiful Recommendation,
Each friend of mine said, &c.

2.

To Leadenhall street,
I proceeded to meet;
My best, and my kindest relation,
I implored his advice,
Which he gave in a trice;
" Take care of your Recommendation."

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

3.

Then applying to get,
My appointment Cadet;
A very fine situation:
Ev'ry person I saw,
Utter'd suddenly, lah!
" Why Sir, you've a Recommendation.'

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.



4.

The directors who sat.
In political chat;
Now demanded my qualification:
I exultingly cried,
" I am well qualified;
" Only look at my Recommendation." '

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

5.

Then with wonderful ease,
Clerks demanded their fees;
Amusing me with a narration:
That the Captain would be,
Far more civil to me;
Because of my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

6.

To the Captain I trudged,
My time ne'er begrudged;
I thought myself first in the nation:
Do you know what I've got?
Says the Captain, no; what?
"Says I, why a Recommendation."

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

7.

No Monarch in state,
Could have been more elate;
Than I, since the hour of creation:
Taught that all Hindoostan,
Would look up to the man;
Who possessed such a Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

8.

I expected at least,
That each Prince of the East;
Would greet me with flatt'ring oration:
That the natives would all,
Quickly run at the call;
Of the man with the Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

9.

The voyage being past,
And safe landed at last;
I could see e'en the blacks of the nation:
By their gestures, and more,
As they rowed, me on shore;
Were convinced I'd a Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

10.

Banyan and Sircar,
Came in herds from afar;
While thousands to seek occupation,
Nearly covered the beach,
Each in turn to beseech;
The man with the Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

11.

When his mansion I knew,
To my Patron I flew;
Determined to take up my station.
I was sure he'd resign,
His goods, chattles, as mine;
All he had, to my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

12.

Nearly frantic with joy,
Quite exempt from alloy;
I demanded without hesitation:
Of the first man I met,
How soon I could get;
To deliver my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

13.

'T was a Frenchman, who cool,
Set me down as a fool;
With "monsieur, vy git in de pàshòn:
"Il faut etre tranquil,
"Or by gar I ne'er vill;
"Give my master your Recommendation."

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

14.

Gods, but picture my ire,
With my frame all on fire;
When after my peregrination:
That a servant should dare,
Such a threat to declare;
Notwithstanding my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

15.

Then he gave me a chair,
Saying "Sair, sit down dere;'
You seem in one grand perspiration:
Then the impudent fool,
Next advised me to cool;
While he took up my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

16.

In this awful suspence,
When the heat was intense;
Each appointment I view'd in rotation:
While some I conceived,
And the others believed;
Would not answer my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

17.

'T was a difficult task,
To know what I should ask,
Adapted to my situation;
'T was a difficult case,
To discover a place,
Good enough for my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

18.

Aid de Camp to be sure,
I could easy procure;
But then what a strange situation:
To be forced scrape and bow,
And behave lord knows how;
Ill agreed with my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

19

Then to try entertain,
Of guests a whole train;
With news having no confirmation
Introducing and carving,
Myself sitting starving;
Wou'dn't do for my Recommendation

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

20.

Quarter Masters I knew,
And your Adjutants too;
To accept would be great degradation:
Brigade Majors likewise,
I was taught to dispise;
Considering my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

21.

Commanders of corps,
Or purveyors of stores;
Were nothing to my emulation:
Barrack Masters with their
Estimates of repair;
Were trash to my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

22.

With Judge Advocate too,
I'd have nothing to do;
To be bothered for law explanation:
Assured my belief,
E'en Commander in Chief;
Would bow to my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

23.

Full two hours in the chair,
I began to despair;
When lo! what a charming sensation:
This great man appeared,
And his awful head reared;
When I tipp'd him my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

24.

With an affable smile,
He kept reading a while;
Whilst my heart was in full palpitation:
Then with perfect "sang froid,"
And a grin, which I saw;
He returned me my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

25.

"Then says he, Mr. Brown,
"I am sorry to own;
"That I've scarcely a friend or relation:
"Some I ne'er knew before,
"But who send by the score;
"Just a similar Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

26.

" I'll be happy to shew,
" All attention to you;
" As long as you stay at the station
" Pray come often and dine,
" But it's out of my line;
" To attend to your Recommendation."

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

27.

Then he roar'd out, "Quoe hye,"[3]
And he turned out poor I,
Disappointed beyond all vexation:
While the servants a score,[4]
Shewed the way to the door;
Both to me and my Recommendation

CHORUS.

Oh! 't was a Recommendation, &c.

28.

Thus the castles I'd reared,
In a word, disappeared;
Disappointing my fond expectation:
I found to my sore,
I was. "Ensign" no more;
In spite of my Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 'twas a Recommendation, &c

29.

And wherever I'm hurled,
In this trouble-some world;
T' o' I stick for an age in one station:
May I never aspire,
To rise an inch higher;
I'll need such a Recommendation.

CHORUS.

Oh! 'twas a Recommendation, &c.

The Rose.

NEW WORDS TO AN OLD AIR.

1

What form was ever like thine,
Sweet scented Rose
How many charms divine,
Did'st thou disclose?
I'd been supremely blest
Had I the prize possess'd;
Richer than all the rest:
Sweet blooming Rose.

2.

How oft I've thee admired,
Sweet scented Rose;
When 'midst those charms attired,
Beautiful Rose;
As I gazed far and wide,
Flowers rose on every side,
You were then boast and pride:
Sweet blooming Rose.

3.

But now, how chang'd thou art,
Once charming Rose;
No more shalt thou impart:
Odours like those.
Curs'd was that hapless hour,
When thou, incautious flow'r;
Yielded such envied power:
Once blooming Rose.

4.

Long thou unrivalled were,
Once beauteous Rose;
None could with thee compare,
Fairest that blows;
Now as I trace the bower,
Many a spotless flower;
Points at thy fallen power,
Once blooming Rose.

THREE REGIMENTS MORE.

Fe è liberter homines d quod v lu ed credunt.

Cæsar.

We all believe that it we sh to be true.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that a certain age will make you all Major Generals, and that the rank of the present day, will be compensated by Three new Regiments of the morrow, attend to the following Canzonet, and practice resignation:

THREE REGIMENTS MORE.

1.

Two new sons of Mars, at a tavern once met,
To talk of promotion, and chance of brevèt;
The fate of poor India, each man did deplore,
Resolving to save her by, "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

2.

Some thought we requir'd, a disposable force,
To which all agreed, as a matter of course;
Tho' they differ'd, respecting the strength of each corps,
To a man they agreed, for the "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

3.

Tho' Scindiah's kept quiet, by Metcalfe[5] 'tis true,
He only wants money, the war to renew;
Tho' Holkar[6] be mad, Ameer Khan's[7] at our door,
It wou'd therefore be wise, to have "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

4.

Tho' Ul-mool'k[8] be conquor'd by Mohommed Shah,[9]
He may still try his luck, and continue the war,[10]
And as friendship and peace to the Monarch we swore,[11]
'T wou'd be just to assist him, with "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

5.

The Sikhs[12] whom we lately, dispis'd as a state,
Have a good opportunity, only lie wait;
Who knows but we've plenty, of fighting in store,
And *Hark!* from *Runjeit*, may bring "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiment more.

6.

But suppose Bonaparte to India shou'd roam,
When he's settled the hash of the nations at home;
What myriads of conscripts on India he'll pour,
And nothing will stop them, but "Ten Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

7.

The point being settled, at length they begun,
To argue much more, on the best of the fun;
To examine how high, each man stood in his corps.
And to see how he'd stand by the "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

8.

The *Ensign* who long, on the list had stood fast,
Determined no more, to look back on the past;
He drank off a bumper, and with a loud roar,
Swore he'd be a *Lieutenant*, by "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

9.

The *Lieut.* in turn next, arose from his chair,
So long he'd been *Sub*, he began to dispair;
He felt a sensation, he ne'er felt before,
When he said I'm a *Captain* by "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

10.

The *Captain* quite tir'd of his centrical rank,
Exulting, with glee to the *Major* he drank;
Declaring he'd long "*walked the square*" to his sore,
And would "*ride*" for the future by "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more

11.

The *Major* who oft superseded had been,
Which gave him attacks both of liver and spleen;
Rejoiced he'd in future be sure of a *corps*,
And touch "*Colonel's Batta*" by "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

12.

The *Lieutenant-Colonel* the third on the list,
In a fit of extatics he doubled his fist;
The blood in his veins seem to swell at each pore,
When he talk'd of *promotion* by "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

13.

The *Colonel* who cared not a tittle himself,
As he very well knew he'd be soon on the *Shelf*;
Yet he wish'd his friends well, and most zealously swore,
To recommend "*John*" to raise "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

14.

The *Gen'ral* politely declar'd with a laugh,
He cared not a straw so he got on the *Staff;*
He flatter'd himself he'd commanded before,
And perhaps *might get hold of* the "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

15.

Thus each his fate settled of wine takes a fill,
And drinks to promotion with exquisite will;
At morn oh but picture the terrible bore,
They find "*all a hum*" about "Three Regts. more."

CHORUS.

Three Regiments more.

NEW

WORDS TO THE MUCH ADMIRED TUNE IN MIDAS,

OR

Pray Goody please to moderate the rancour of your Tongue.

1.

Oh Susan deign to smile on me, nor drive me to dispair,
Full long I've felt, the anger of your eyes;
Remember dearest Susan, thou art fairest of the fair:
Then why should thus, my ardent love surprize.

Hear me, cheer me,
Let my sighs come near thee;
If you neglect me, and reject me,
Never more I'll rise.

Ah Susan deign to smile on me, nor drive me to dispair.
Full long I've felt, the anger of your eyes, &c.

2.

Ah could you for a moment feel, the anguish of my heart,
That love which in, my bosom panting lies;
You'd grieve to think that you should e'er, such misery impart,
And never more, a lover thus dispise.

Believe me, relieve me,
Ah could I e'er deceive thee,
If you slight me, quick you blight me,
Never more to rise.

Ah could you for, a moment feel, the anguish of my heart.
That love which in, my bosom panting lies &c.

N. B. The original has only one verse

Tom Halyard.

WRITTEN extempore on the melancholy fate of a British Tar, who fell (when reefing the Sail) from the Fore Top Sail yard of an Indiaman and perished: notwithstanding the greatest exertions were made by his messmates to save him.—Tom Halyard was no less the joy of the crew, than the admiration of every one on board, possessing every quality to constitute a true sailor and though destined to fill an humble capacity on board, the author trusts a recital of the event will not be considered unworthy the perusal of his readers.

" *A British Tar is Englands bulwork! Englands glory!*"

1.

Tom Halyard was a Sailor bold,
Nor cared how hard it blew,
Quick on the yard, tho' piercing cold,
To reef the sails he flew:
When rocked upon the raging main,
Tom quite undaunted sat;
Of danger, he would ne'er complain,
He never dreamt of that.

2.

The many virtues he possessed,
Endeared him to the crew;
By every Tar, was he caressed:
For all his virtues knew.
To meet each danger, each alarm,
Tom Halyard, quickly hied,
He was to every one a charm,
To every one, a guide.

3.

When off his watch, like other men,
In turn he'd crack his joke,
Prepare his much lov'd quid and then,
Would chew it, as he spoke.
To drink his grog, full well he knew,
And always kept in mind,
To toast the health of Mary too.
The girl he'd left behind.

4.

Each gallant marsman e'er admir'd,
That courage Tom could boast,
In danger, it each Tar inspir'd;
For then it shone the most:
The wind might roar, and billows foam,
Tom never was appalled,
He felt he always was at home,
Where ever duty called.

5.

And now round Africs coast they steer,
And spread the swelling sail,
When suddenly, the clouds appear;
To tell th' approaching Gale,
Aloft the sailors quickly go,
To make the rigging fast;
To send, Top gallant masts below:
Preparing for the blast.

6.

But e'er th' unruly sail is furl'd,
The canvas rent in twain,
A cruel gust impetuous hurl'd,
Tom Halyard in the main;
Now quickly down, the boat is lower'd,
Their dearest friend, to save,
But Tom's exhausted strength's o'erpower'd,
He sinks beneath the wave.

7.

Now all upon the deck stand bye,
Each anxious hopes await;
And not a seaman's cheek is dry,
While thinking on his fate;
When lo! the boat, at length returns,
No trace of him they find;
While every heart, with sorrow burns,
To leave poor Tom behind.

8.

Below they go, with tears bedew,
The chalice to the brim;
For every thing of Tom's they view,
Reminds them but of him;
No change of scene, their woes relieve,
For many a year to come,
Full many a tedious hour they grieve;
Their friend, and messmate Tom.

Tomorrow.

1.

This life is no more than a dream,
A period from nature we borrow;
To-day in full lustre we beam,
To be blighted alas, by tomorrow.

2.

Lets banish each care far away,
From our hearts, we'll dispell ev'ry sorrow;
Drink deep, of lifes pleasures to-day,
Lest the cup be dried up by tomorrow.

3.

While time with rapidity flies,
We'll think of eternity never;
Joy shall sparkle, alone, in our eyes,
Tho' closed they 're tomorrow for ever.

4.

Away then all baneful controul,
All allov from our transport we'll sever;
While the dictates, which flow from the soul,
On our hearts shall be printed for ever.

"Impromptu."

On a gentleman requesting of a servant that he might sit down by the fire till his master and mistress, (who were both out) should return,

Your master is *out*, and your mistress is *out*,
Says the gentleman, what shall I do?
I'll wait, and sit down by the fire,
Says the servant, "Sir that's gone out too."

Parody

ON

"ROYS WIFE OF ALDEVALLACH."

I.

IRISH pat of Londonderry,
Irish pat of Londonderry,
How shamefully, he treated me;
When we went to, the Fair at Kerry.
He vow'd he swore, to marry me,
He said that he lov'd me, best of any;
And then got spliced, to Moll M'Ghee;
A girl not worth a single penny.
Irish pat, &c.

2.

Still he was a youth divine,
And well cou'd dance this Irish laddy;
How happy I, had pat been mine,
And I'd been call'd, sweet misstress paddy.
Faithless pat of Londonderry,
Irish pat of Londonderry,
How shamefully he treated me;
As we went to, the Fair at Kerry.

3.

His cheeks so red, so round his head,
His whiskers too, so thick and turfy;
I wish that Poll McGhee, were dead,
She cou'd na then, have stole my murphy.
Cruel pat of Londonderry,
Irish pat of Londonderry,
How cruelly, he treated me;
When we went to, the Fair at Kerry.

4.

Oh you have broke my heart, dear pat,
Ah why for Miss M'Ghee, forsake me?
I'd been thy deary, but for that;
Ah Moll M'Ghee, the devil take ye.
Faithless pat of Londonderry,
Irish pat of Londonderry,
How shamefully, he treated me:
When we went to, the Fair at Kerry.

5.

Yes you have set my heart on fire,
I tell you pat, my mind quite freely;
For spite I'll marry pat M'Guire,
I'm sure he'll treat me more genteely.
Cruel pat of Londonderry,
Irish pat of Londonderry,
How shamefully he treated me;
When we walked to the Fair at Kerry.

Lines

ON

WILLIAM Oliver, who having been press'd from his wife and family, (fell on Board an English ship in the moment of victory;) in an action with a French Frigate. On the enemys Ship being brought into port, his wife hastened on Board to embrace her husband; but hearing quickly of his death: she became frantic with grief, and wildly looking round; plunged headlong into the Sea, to seek her husbands corpse!

I.

Now as the pressgang, hurried him away,
With breaking heart, he bade his wife adieu,
Left her to curse the inauspicious day;
When all she lov'd was taken from her view.

2.

Immers'd in tears, she left the fatal spot,
For one replete, with happiness before,
But now alas, how chang'd her humble cot;
Where joy had reign'd, joy was to reign no more.

3.

E'en those who once of all, could cheer the most,
Her infant babes, with all their artless charms;
Too well reminded her, of him she'd lost,
Of that protector, wrested from her arms.

4.

By care surrounded, as o'ercome by grief,
She sat her down within her sad retreat;
And looking round in vain to find relief,
In fault'ring accents, thus bemoan'd her fate.

5.

From all thats dear, my William forc'd to part,
Press'd by each ill, involv'd in ev'ry care;
Each object adds, new sorrows to my heart,
And yields my mind, to anguish, and dispair.

6.

What can give comfort to my wretched soul?
Or meliorate, the keeness of my woe?
Where fell misfortune, reigns without controul,
Nor wills cessation, to the ills I know.

7.

In God I'll trust, still hoping to the last,
That he will grant, my husband's safe return,
His presence only, can repay the past,
For he alone, shall bid me cease to mourn.

8.

Her husband, e'er regardless of his fate,
Save for the sake of those, he lov'd so dear;
Griev'd for the loss, of his distracted wife,
And for his children, shed full many a tear.

9.

Oft'on the deck, when watching in his turn,
He'd sigh and think, on those he'd left on shore;
Talk of his wife, and for his children mourn,
And long for joys, he could partake no more.

10.

And when his faithful messmate, e'er was near,
Clasping his hand, his sorrowing tale he'd tell;
While every sentence, usher'd forth a tear,
And every tear, fresh anguish as it fell!

11.

Where is that joy, my wonted comfort where?
Ah where is fled, the pleasure of repose?
Hope cheers no more, for nought save fell dispair,
O'er my sad heart, her gloomy shadow throws.

12.

As on the deck, I walk by midnight gloom,
Unheeded sigh, and shed th'unpitied tear;
Misfortune reigns, where fortune us'd to bloom,
And mis'ry revels, e'en on pleasure's bier.

13.

Yet do I like, to view the moony beam,
And trace it glim'ring thro' it's cloudy veil,
To sleep and taste, of joys deceptive dream,
And waking nought, save disappointment feel.

14.

Vain is the sigh, that from my bosom steals,
In vain (to pitys shrine) I bend my knee;
Too plain alas, my cheerless heart reveals,
It pants for bliss, long since forsaken me.

15.

Now hark the bells, successive peals proclaim,
Throughout the town, the ever welcome news;
To raise still higher, Britains envied fame,
And patriot zeal, thro' ev'ry breast diffuse.

16.

Now tolls that bell, with ev'ry mournfull sound,
And rings the knell, of many a hero slain;
In place of comfort, spreading gloom around,
And wounding hearts, which it had cheer'd in vain.

17.

For there was one, who in the battle fell,
Whose lowly station, and obscurer name;
Excites no one the sailors fate to tell,
Or grant one laurel, to the hero's fame.

18.

While on he press'd, to act a Britons part,
Resolv'd Old England's honor to maintain,
A fatal bullet pierc'd him, to the heart,
And gave his lifeless body to the main.

19.

To clasp her long lost husband to her breast,
On board (elate with hope,) poor Mary hied,
With him once more supremely to be blest,
And taste of joy, to her so long denied.

20.

But mark the fatal news (no more conceal'd,)
The Tars in mournful mood, to Mary tell;
Too soon alas, the painful fact's reveal'd,
How William, in the arms of victory fell!

21

With frantic look, as down the side she step'd,
She view'd around, her husbands watry grave;
Convuls'd with grief, impatiently she lept:
To seek her husbands body on the wave.

Extempore.

"*Away ye Reformers your time don't be Wasting.*"

1.

Away ye reformers, your time don't be wasting;
On maxims which ne'er were intended for man,
When nature invites you, as time is fast hasting;
To taste of lifes pleasures, as long as you can.

2.

That coyness dear Anna, distroys ev'ry feature,
And lessens each charm, you are destin'd to wear,
To you it belongs, to distribute dear creature;
Those joys which are center'd alone in the fair.

3.

Then why on thy cheek, sit those deep crimson'd blushes?
To love surely ne'er was accounted a sin?
That outward deception, the sigh never hushes;
But pictures more strongly, the passion within.

4.

Oh cease lovely woman, while fill'd with emotion,
Loves attributes thus ne'er attempt to controul;
The heart cannot surely refuse its devotion,
To feelings imprinted, so deep on the soul.

Extempore.

On a Married man being about to make a Will.

You tell me my friend you are making your Will,
You may just as well leave it alone,
For since you have tasted, of marriages Pill;
You can ne'er have a Will of your own.

Epigram.

On a gentleman who was very desirous to learn, to what he might be changed after death, according to Pythagorean tenets.

Pythagoras says when we die we shall find,
We each shall be chang'd to a brute of some kind,
Should this be the case, you will trouble the least;
You wont require change, you're already a *beast.*

Song

ON THE LATE RIGHT HON'BLE LORD LAKE,

COMMANDER IN CHIEF,

(In India.)

TUNE,

"*OH PROTECT THE HARDY TAR.*"

1.

COME Britons sing the hero's praise,
Both Englands boast and glory,
He'll be the theme, of future days;
And e'er renown'd in story:
Then here's to him, the gallant Lake,
Who'se deeds of admiration,
Have made th' astonish'd world partake,
Of grateful exultation.

2.

On Delhys[13] plains, with ardent zeal,
He flew where e'r't required him,
His conduct made the soldier feel;
That glory which inspired him:
Then here's to him who shew'd the way,
Amidst the cannons rattle,
Who pointed out where glory lay;
Then rushed into the battle.

3.

When Agra's[14] Fortress dar'd oppose,
And bade us keep our distance,
He quickly shew'd the haughty foes,
How vain was all resistance:
Then here's to him, whom nought appals,
To fear a perfect stranger;
Who when his country's honor calls,
Would scorn to think on danger.

4.

Laswarrie[15] recollect's the hour,
When thousands flew before him,
And tho' the vanquish'd, dread his pow'r,
They wonder, and adore him;
For in the battles fiercest heat,
To those who ceased resistance;
He rose them suppliant from his feet,
And promised them assistance.

Saturday Night at Sea,

OR

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

"*To the Tune of my Lodging is on the cold ground.*"

WRITTEN for the last Saturday night, of a voyage from England to Madras, when the Passengers and others, were on the eve of separation.

1.

THO' keen are the pangs we are destin'd to feel,
When we're parting from those we revere;
May the hope of return ev'ry sorrow conceal,
And repress in our eyes ev'ry tear:
Let us look to the future, and hail that return,
As the happiest day of our lives;
But while absent from those we love dear, let us learn;
To drink to our *Sweethearts and Wives.*

2.

Nor distance nor time, can efface from each heart,
That love which we felt when on shore,
The seas for a time may our destiny's part,
But to bind our affections the more:
Tho' by fates stern decree, on the billows we're tost,
When the hour of our transport arrives;
We'll be amply repaid, for the dangers we've past,
By the charms, of *our Sweethearts and Wives.*

3.

And now to our friends, well replenish the bowl,
As the hour of our parting draws nigh,
Shall not friendship produce one regret from the soul?
Nor exact from each bosom a sigh?
Let us pledge to each other, tho' distant we live,
Each success through the rest of our lives;
And then with full rapture the blessed toast give:
Here's the health of our *Sweethearts and Wives.*

4.

Though but once in a week comes blest Saturday night,
When we think of our Sweathearts on shore;
What can give such sweet pleasure, or yield such delight?
As to talk of the girls we adore;
Then fill up the Goblet nor let the glass stand,
May this night be the worst of our lives;
Each heart shall with blissful emotion expand;
As we drink to our *Sweethearts and Wives*.

Vain are the Sighs which from my bosom steal.

I.

Vain are the sighs which from my bosom steal,
In vain my trembling knee to beautys shrine I'm bending:
Keen are the pangs my heart is doom'd to feel,
And keener still the love, within that heart contending:
Blest are the charms, my panting heart disarm,
Blest are those eyes each dazzling lustre blending;
Vain are the sighs which from my bosom steal;
In vain my trembling knee to beautys shrine I'm bending.

2.

But Ah alas! my passion stronger grows,
At every glance of thee, my mad'ning love's encreasing,
While thro' each vein the pleasing poison flows;
And bids my longing soul, adore thee without ceasing:
Some heavenly cure impart, to this poor dejected heart,
And from his chains, your prisoner be releasing;
For ah alas! my passion stronger grows,
At every glance of thee, my mad'ning love's encreasing.

3.

Ah could I trace upon that beautious cheek,
One heavenly tear of sympathy descending;
No better charm dear Anna would I seek,
Nor ask a stronger shield, against each ill impending:
But dare I ask such bliss, as one sweet extatic kiss?
Or hope to share such joys, all others far transcending?
Ah could I trace upon that lovely cheek,
One heavenly tear of sympathy descending.

Epigram.

On a Commanding Officer, who demanded of the officers of his Regiment, why they dared refuse dining with him.

When of thy parties, we refus'd to be,
And all thy invitations dared decline,
'T was not because, of our dislike *to thee*,
It was because, we did not like *thy Wine*.

Parady,

"*ON A SMILE TO A TEAR.*"

1.

Said a flee to a bug,
Whom he met in a rug;
Which cover'd a bed, in cold weather:
In soothe Mr. Bug,
We are both very snug;
But how hopp'd we both here together.

2.

I came in the night,
In a sad hungry plight;
To feast on yon daughter of sorrow,
And I said the flee,
Am delighted to see,
That there's food for us both till tomorrow

3.

Then Oh says the bug,
Sweet flee let us hug,
We're twins and old scratch is our mother;
And how charming to know,
As we hop to and fro,
That they can't catch the one or the other.

The Maneuvres,

OR

"MILITARY WHIGS."

TUNE,

"*Bow Wow Wow.*"

1.

WHILE some search for eclipses, and others star or comet,
And many think they're wise, tho' far enough they're from it
Poor *Cook* discover'd land, as well as the *Vanceuvres;*
But who the devil was it that discover'd the *maneuvres?*

2.

The *Doctor* he *manœuvres* you with pill and with potion,
And often he adds fuel, to intestine commotion,
While your system so derang'd, gets into such a pother;
That the Diaphragm and spleen, *manœuvre* one another.

3.

The *Parson* tho' determin'd, at each convenient cricis,
To point by good example, the way to check our vices,
Tho' shock'd at our Depravity he oft becomes reprover;
Depend on't for his Tythes, that he'll soon or late *maneuvre*.

4.

The *Lawyer* fired with zeal, with love of lucre burning,
Maneuvres you with Law Books, and other kind of learning,
He gives you his opinion, upon your case at large Sir;
And that you may n't forget it, he ne'er forgets to *charge* Sir.

5.

The *Bailiff* tho' perhaps, a moderate kind of man Sir,
If he's a writ against you, he'll take you if he can Sir,
He'll talk to you on liberty, and much about it say;
When once he has *maneuvr'd* you, you cannot get away.

6.

The *Minister maneuvres* you, with loans and with taxes,
And not a single year, from his Budgetting relaxes,
And thus it is that he, who's the greatest penetration;
Is always more "*au fait*" at *manœuvring* the nation.

7.

Bonaparté once a Consul, an Emperor is crown'd Sir,
Contriving to *manœuvre*, the nations all around Sir,
Tho' threat'ning to invade us, and making such a fuss;
He may threaten to *Eternity*, he'll ne'er *manœuvre* us.

8.

The *Ensign* can no longer, resist the great temptation,
To *manœuvre* the battallion, tho' lowest in his station,
Tho' morally impossible, that he should well know how;
With the air of a *Field Marshal*, makes'em *cuddum koob outou*.

9.

Lieutenants in their turn, tho' they often curse *Dundas*,
His eighteen long *manœuvres*, and set him down an ass,
No sooner is the *Captain* off, he feels his power begin;
Manœuvres the poor *Ensign*, and makes the *Sub* fall in.

10.

The *Captain* who but t'other day, himself was but a *Sub*,
And who has very often, been favoured with a Rub,
No sooner he's gazetted, than *a higging* all in vain;
Exclaims thank God, I cannot be a *Subaltern* again.

11.

The *Major* in his turn, takes a touch at his near friend,
Manœuvring and *higging* the *Captain* without end,
While the *Colonel* who comes next, just merely for a whim;
Becomes a little Billious, and in turn *manœuvres* him.

12.

The *Colonel* not secure, from the martinetts claw,
Views the *Gen'ral* with respect, approaching him with awe,
But being always ready on ev'ry urgent call;
He most wisely escapes, from being *a hagg'd* at all.

13.

The *Gen'ral* who has oft' enough, *manœuvr'd* in his life,
Is anxious still to set aside, all military strife,
But duty often forces him, to *a hagg'ng* now and then;
For he can give and take a *rub*, as well as other men.

14.

Commanders in Ch—f 'tis clear, are surely cunning Elves,
Amuse themselves by *a hagging*, but can't be *a hagg'd* themselves,
For them to be *manœuvr'd*, is a most uncommon thing;
As no one else can *touch 'em up*, but Geo the third our King.

Friendship then Love.

1.

At first it was friendship dear Susan I own,
For with no other passion I strove,
The milder sensation of friendship is flown;
And it's place is succeeded by love.

2.

I knew not what dangers encompass'd my heart,
When I gaz'd on thy beauty sweet maid,
I felt not the pangs you were doomed to impart;
Till those charms I incautious survey'd.

3.

How near to our pleasures our miseries lie,
Which leave us encompass'd by sorrow,
As the flow'r which appears in its zenith to day;
To be blighted alas by to-morrow.

4.

Yet say not dear woman 'tis useless to dream,
About joys which we ne'er can partake,
Though futile our wishes for ever may seem;
Still they keep our best passions awake.

New Words,

TO THE

DEAR LITTLE GIRL OF MY HEART.

I.

Tho' with health I am blest,
And of riches possessed,
Partaking of Lifes ev'ry pleasure,
Though the bliss I enjoy,
Is exempt from alloy,
Yet still I would add to my treasure,
What can it be? 'tis the Girl of my Heart,
To share, ev'ry transport with me,
For had I the wealth, which the Indies impart,
No pleasure would it e'er give me;
Without the dearest Girl of my Heart.
The dear little Girl of my Heart, &c.

2.

My domain far extends,
And receives social friends,
And my days, pass divinely enchanting,
I'm encompass'd by mirth,
And each rapture on earth,
Save one, which I still feel is wanting,
Ah what can it be? 'tis the Girl of my Heart,
To share ev'ry pleasure with me,
For had I the wealth which the Indies impart;
No pleasure could it e'er give me,
Without the dearest Girl of my Heart.
The dear lovely Girl of my Heart, &c.

Acrostic.

Sweet maid when on thy beautious form I gaze,
Oh how this heart wou'd throbbing speak thy praise;
Past all compare thy num'rous virtues prove,
How can I gaze, and gazing yet not love?
If 'tis a crime, such heav'nly charms t' adore;
Ah let me sin, and sinning love thee more.

On Atheism.

The fool may refuse to believe,
And scriptural truth may defy,
An Atheist, venture to live;
But will never an Athi'st die.

Parting from Emma.

1.

When I quitted my Emma, I look'd for a tear,
And expected a sigh of dispondence to hear,
But judge my surprize, when no sorrow appeared;
Nor one sign of regret for the man she rever'd.

2.

Distress'd to the Soul, I expressed my surprize,
When a torrent of tears, quickly fell from her eyes,
With grief she exclaimed dearest friend of my heart;
Can it ever dear Henry, be pleasure to part?

3.

What because from th' appearance of grief I forebore,
That the friend of my Heart, might not suffer the more;
If you look'd on these Eyes, and found nothing was there;
'Twas the Sources of grief, were absorb'd by despair.

4.

Then wound not your Emma, by thoughts so unkind,
Nor judge of her Heart, by the strength of her mind,
Who nerv'd by affection, her grief could controul;
Tho' sorrows keen dart, was transfix'd in her soul.

The Captain's Lucubrations.

How oft for years the army list I've read,
Till ev'ry reg'ment's printed in my head,
And on each talk of new ones have I prov'd;
Who would stand fast, and who would be remov'd,
No sooner finish'd I again despair,
For rank and reg'ments vanish into air.
In lieu of *Major* and commanding *corp*,
I find myself just where I was before:
Long have I been a *Captain* 'gainst my will,
And many a rainy season, must be still;
But why repine the dreadful ordeal o'er,
And doom'd to be a *Subaltern* no more,
How should I glory in the rank I've got;
In viewing hundreds with a far worse lot.

Full well indeed I recollect the day,
When youngest *Sub* I march'd in fierce array,
With little consequence and far less pay;
I stood undaunted hail'd the happy hour,
When rank shou'd give me *consequence* and *pow'r*;
Ten years revolving, brought the Boon at last,
And made me look indiff'rent to the past;
Then *Captains* rank I quickly learnt to know,
And look'd with pity on my friends below.

The Frenchman in Jeopardy.

1.

A FRENCHMAN who once, was with hunger much press'd,
From a shop, stole a fat Leg of Mutton,
He tried to conceal the meat under his vest,
But his coat, he neglected to button:
This coat being short, and the joint being long,
Some suspicion of him had arisen;
The *Constables* came, in a terrible throng:
And safely conveyed him to prison.

2.

The court having set, and consider'd the case,
Thought him guilty of stealing the Mutton,
And said for the world, they'd not be in his place,
Who was prov'd, both a rogue, and a Glutton:
They determin'd to flog him, and fine him beside,
And the *Judge*, such an *awful face* put on;
That the Frenchman alarm'd, at the sentence replied,
"*I would much rather pay for De Mutton.*"

Extempore.

THE BROOM-MAKERS.

Says Jack to friend Thomas, how do you contrive?
To sell Brooms so cheap and yet profit derive?
I sell mine for two pence and I steal the wood,
Yet you sell them cheaper, and make 'em as good.

Answer.

Tom answers his friend, what you say Jack is true,
And I'll tell you the reason, I under sell you;
Though you steal the wood, still the work must be paid,
Now the Brooms which I sell, why I steal ready made.

Song.

LONG THE CORSICAN TYRANT HAS FETTERED THE WORLD.

TUNE,

" The Prince and Old England for Ever."

1.

LONG the Corsican Tyrant, has fetter'd the World,
Save that Country where Britons reside,
While destruction to all other nations he's hurl'd;
She alone dares his threats to deride:
Long may she continue, the current to stem,
For Britannia must e'er rule the waves;
Forbid it oh Fate, that we ever like them,
Should be chang'd from true freemen to slaves!

CHORUS.

Then push round the Bottle, our cares let's beguile,
And Drink to our Country and Laws,
And prove that tho' distant from Englands blest Isle;
We are equally firm in her Cause.

2.

His ambition no conquest can ever allay,
Could the World to the Tyrant submit,
He'd grieve no more nations could yield to his sway,
On which his destruction might sit,
No sooner to myriads, resistance proves vain:
Than the monarch's depriv'd of his Crown,
Which he grasps from the Head, of him destin'd to reign,
And the Diadem puts on his own.

CHORUS.

3.

It matters not Soldiers where ever you serve,
So your conduct claim Britain's reward,
Then ne'er from allegiance, be tempted to swerve;
And thus forfeit that Country's regard:
Blest Liberty's cause you forever disclaim,
If Anarchy mixed with it be;
Confusion would then, be a far better name;
Than that Blessed one, Dear Liberty!

CHORUS.

4.

May the time yet arrive, when the Tyrant we'll Curb,
From spreading destruction throughout,
And the Ravager War shall no longer disturb,
Nor waft its sad discord about:
Then England the proudest of Laurels shall claim,
Admir'd by each power far and wide;
Who not only struggled, for Honor and Fame,
But for all other nations beside.

CHORUS.

5.

Let's be true to ourselves, and forbid civil broil,
To divide us and dampen our zeal,
We're all of us Britons, partake the same toil;
Then as Britons let's each of us feel:
While in Honors blest paths we continue to move,
No Frenchman we ever need fear,
But inspired in the cause of old England prove:
That no Tyrant, can ever come here.

CHORUS.

Epigram.

On a Gentleman being captivated, with a Lady, who sent him a Water-Melon.

WHO would have thought, a Melon could impart,
Such heavenly warmth, to this distracted heart?
That its effects, should act by contrary rule;
And *warm* that blood, which it was meant to *cool*.

Epigram.

On a Lady at a Party observing how strange it was, that the names of all the Gentlemen (who were then around her,) commenced with B.

SAYS Helen surrounded by Beaux,
It appears quite a riddle to me,
That all who this Circle compose,
Their names, should begin with a B.

Answer.

CAN we resist such charms as thine?
Or their attractive powers?
Bees always seek for sweets divine,
And fly to sweetest flowers.

Extempore.

On a Person complaining to another, that some one had taken his Character away.

HE's ta'en my *Character* away Jack cried,
In very angry mood;
Oh let him keep it Will replied,
'T wont do him any good.

Lord Whitworth's Interview,

WITH

BONAPARTÈ.

1.

How sad a resolve and how dreadful a plan,
T' extirpate our Kings of all kinds to a man,
To give up those Laws for which Britons have bled;
And to introduce Laws, made by Consuls instead.

2.

How great his ambition, extensive his plan,
He longs both for *Britain* and for *Hindoostan!*
With his *five hundred thousand* himself at their head,
He intends to *attack us*, if *not Drown'd instead.*[16]

3.

He kindly determines, to pay us a visit,
He looks at the distance, and answers what is it?
My *Heroes* who hasten'd from *Egypts* hot plain;
As *Hudibras* says, "*live for Battle again.*"

4.

Then woe to our *Island*, our *Army* and *Fleet*,
If it be their *misfortune*, this *Hero* to meet,
He swears *at all points*, he'll Old England attack,
Tho' he *wisely* remarks "*he may never get back.*"[17]

5.

But Britons shall meet him by Sea or by Land,
Tho' *France* and *adherents* all join hand in hand,
Tho' *Invincibles* meet British Troops in the Field;
British Troops *soon convince* them *Invincibles* yield!

Address.

ON THE OPENING

OF THE

New Calcutta

PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.

NOVEMBER 25, 1813.

When the Right Honorable the Earl of MOIRA, K. G. *Governor General of India, and the Countess of LOUDOUN and MOIRA, were present.*

In distant climes, you can't expect our boards,
Can offer scenes which *Drury's* fame affords;
But though we've not the force of *Kembles* art,
Nor *Siddon's* tragic powers to charm the heart,
Our zeal to please, shall every fear suppress;
We may *deserve*, though not *command* success.

Then let this stage be destined to impart,
Those scenes alone, which meliorate the heart,
Exclude all *bad* examples from our play,
Plot's which corrupt and *maxims* which betray;
Licentious manners strictly to forbid,
And welcome *worth* and *honour* in their stead!
To live in Error, since the World began,
Has been th' inevitable lot of man,
If then that *none* unblemished you can find,
Be to *our* failings generously kind;
By your applause be all our fears allayed,
At your command we *blossom* or we *fade!*
But hold! a *Star* upon our dawn appears,
To chase our *doubts* and dissipate our *fears!*
Since *she* has blest these shores, each drooping flow'r,
Revives again to *bloom* with *double* power;
Long may she live each virtue to impart,
And prove a Source of Joy to every heart.
Hail to the day! which welcom'd to our coast,
The *Statesman's* model, and the *Soldier's* boast!
Propitious hour, when *Erin's Friend* appeared,
By *Prince* and *People*, equally revered!
They patriot like, each selfish aim withstood,
And gave *their Country's pride* for *India's* good!

Since he has deign'd to be our fost'ring friend,
We cannot fail to conquer in the End:
Then let it be our object to beguile,
Each drooping moment by the Dramas smile,
By tales of woe to win th' attentive ear,
Excite to *Joy*, or claim the *pearly* tear,
T' expose each folly clearly to our Eyes;
And by such lessons, teach us to be wise,
The charms of *virtue* boldly to proclaim,
And point to all the *envied* road to *fame!*
To *you* with anxious *hope* we trust our *cause*,
Cheer us with smiles, and *greet us with applause*,
While deep engrafted in our breasts shall live;
The *Dear* remembrance of the *Boon* you give.

Impromptu.

On a Gentleman who went to look at a House to Let, and who (on being shewn over it by a pretty Maid Servant,) asked her if she was to be let with it?

PRAY tell me says he to the Maid,
By whom thro' the House he was shewn;
Are *you* to be *Let* with the House?
No Sir,——————"*I'm to be Let alone!*"

Lines

Addressed to a Lady by her Lover, whom she had desired to forget her.

CAN eyes so accustomed with pleasure to gaze,
And to feast on the beauty they view!
In a moment for ever that lustre erase;
Which so oft was reflected by you?

Farewell Address,

BY AN OFFICER

(Who was on the eve of Marriage,) but was suddenly ordered to join his Corps.

FAREWELL Dear Girl on Marriage talk no more!
I wou'd be join'd to thee, but I must join my Corps!
In lieu of Wedlock I'll be seeking fame,
And e'er a Husband, will deserve the name;
Should Fate ordain that I successful prove,
Again I'll revel in the fields of Love.

1804.—Allahabad.

Epitaph,

ON

AN HONEST MAN.

TELL me who can, who lies beneath this Sod?
An *Honest* man,———the *noblest* work of God!

Impromptu.

On a party Disputing which was the most Expressive Language.

TALK not of your *Latin*, your *French*, or your *Greek!*
Such sounds I've long learnt to despise;
What *Tongue* in the world can such *eloquence* speak?
As the *Language* which flows from the *Eyes!*

Gnostic.

Sent by a Gentleman to a Lady, on her requesting him to deliver a Kiss to her sister abroad.

KEEP then the precious *Gem* Dear maid,
I dare'nt possess such bliss!
So sure upon my lips it's laid,
So sure I'll keep the *Kiss.*

The Don Cossack,

AND

Captain Bock.

THE hospitallity of the Citizens of London has at all times been proverbial, but in no instance has it shone so conspicuous, as on the late memorable arrival (from Russia,) of the famous and Gallant Don Cossack and his friend Captain Bock. The author cannot resist the temptation (previous to his offering his humble lay in commemoration of the above,) to give in the first place an extract from the London Newspapers, detailing this momentous event; and although he has been anxious to follow as closely as possible such elegant prosaic discription, still he feels very considerable difficulty in discovering language sufficiently sublime and expressive, to do justice to the subject!!

EXTRACT FROM THE LONDON NEWS PAPERS.

London, April 18, 1813.

THE RUSSIAN COSSACK.

The expected appearance of the Gallant Cossack attracted an immense assemblage of spectators; the Exchange was *litterally crammed*, the Cossack and Captain Bock arrived at

the Mansion House shortly after one, and were greeted with *loud* and *repeated* acclamations, and conducted by the city marshals to the antichamber, where the Lord Mayor *attended* by the *Aldermen* received them: A very handsome cold collation was prepared, of which *Captain Bock* and the *Cossack partook*.—Mr. Grant then undertook to interpret between them:—His Lordship assured the Cossack that he was proud to offer him his hand! his answer was short but empathetic! he thanked His Lordship and said he was ready to die for his Country! A *hearty shake* then took place on both sides. The Cossacks name is Alexander Witteschendst, he is in his 54th year, had retired fifteen years since pensioned, but voluntarily enrolled himself again on the invasion of his country. He was *dressed* in the Cossack *costume*, with a *musket* slung behind him and a *pike* upwards *of* 10 *feet long!!*

At half past one they proceeded to the Royal Exchange, in the following order!!!

"MARSHALMEN CLEARING THE WAY,"

"*The Don Cossack supported by two city Officers,*"

"*Captain Bock between the Lord Mayor, &c.*"

The *rush into change* was *irresistable* and they proceeded to Lloyd's amidst huzzas cordial and repeated. silence.

being obtained, the Lord Mayor said he was desirous to propose *three times three* to the Gallant visitors; His Lordship *then giving the Word*, the acclamation *(we are proud to say)* was as general and *loud*, as *ever* was *heard* in *that place!* His Lordship then said that Captain Bock proposed *three times three* to Lord Wellington and the British army, and added that the Cossack had with *the instrument then in his hand*, killed *thirty nine* of the enemy! an *universal burst* of acclamation *succeeded* and the visitors with drew!!

Captain Bock

AND

The Don Cossack.

1.

From Smolensko there came,
A man of vast fame,
Ever anxious the foe to attack:
He came over to shew,
(As John Bull didn't know)
What in Russia *they call a Cossack!*

2.

The Mayor thought it right,
As the *Cits* like a *sight*,
To ask him to visit him *smack*:
He was certain they'd be,
Most *delighted* to see,
Captain Bock and the Gallant *Cossack*.

3.

'Twas about one o'clock,
When the Cossack and Bock,
To the Mansion House went in a *crack*:
Where with loud acclamation,
And congratulation,
The Lord Mayor received the *Cossack*.

4.

Then each took his station,
Around the collation,
Of which Captain Bock took a *snack*:
While his friend the Lord Mayor,
And the Aldermen there,
Eat enough to alarm the Cossack!

5.

Mr. Grant undertook,
And without any book,
To interpret their mutual *clack*;
Or Else it is plain,
They had chatter'd in vain,
Both the *Mayor* and the *Gallant Cossack*.

6.

Then His Lordship said loud,
" I shall always feel proud,
" (Tho' of words I find often a *lack*),
" To *shake hands* with the Don,
" And be number'd as one,
" Of the friends of the Gallant Cossack."

7.

His emphatic reply,
" I am ready to die,
" For my Country! *quite took them a back*;"
While the Loyal Lord Mayor,
Nearly leap'd from his chair,
Quite *delighted* to hear the Cossack.

8.

Now at half after one,
The procession begun,
When to Lloyd's they set off in a *pack;*
While *Bock* and the *Mayor,*
Made an excellent pair,
As they follow'd the Gallant Cossack.

9.

The Exchange it was cramm'd,
And the populace jamm'd,
In number far more than a *lac;*
And when he appeared,
Lord! *how* he was *cheer'd,*
Was the *gay* and the *Gallant* Cossack.

10.

The *rush* into change,
Was resistless as strange,
And so narrow and crowded the *track;*
Scarcely room was left there,
For friend Bock and the Mayor,
And far less for the Gallant Cossack.

11.

Now His Lordship arose,
To the mob to propose,
For a moment to leave off their *Slack*;
And delighted was he,
To propose *three times three*,
To the bold enterprizing Cossack.

12.

His speech it appears,
Was receiv'd with three cheers,
Which came with a *terrible whack*:
And the noise we are *proud*,
To declare was as *loud*,
As ever was heard by Cossack!

13.

Captain Bock did propose,
Three times three to all those,
Who in Spain did the enemy *hack*;
Each huzza'd to the fame,
Of Lord Wellington's name,
And so did the Gallant Cossack.

14.

Then a *General* desire,
There appear'd to enquire,
What *Frenchmen* he'd put to the *rack*;
When he *archly* replied,
" *Thirty-nine men* had died,
" By the *Spear* of the *Gallant* Cossack ! ! !"

15.

This *pleasing* narration,
Brought *great* acclamation,
Which came with a still greater *smack*;
The mob then *withdrew*,
As they usually *do*,
Overjoy'd to have *seen* the Cossack.

16.

Willinchendst it appears,
Is aged *fifty-four* years,
Tho' pension'd for fifteen years back!
When his home was invaded,
Again he paraded,
To fight, did the Gallant Cossack!

17.

E'en the Grand Plenipo,
Who we all of us know,
Came over to England *good lack!*
All the Ladies declare,
Was not fit to compare,
With this *dear*, this *delightful* Cossack.

18.

He came into the room,
In the Russian costume,
With a *musquet* slung over his *back;*
And he wielded a *spear*,
Full *ten feet* in the *clear*,
Did this wonderful Gallant Cossack.

19.

The *Spinsters* were charm'd,
And their hearts were alarm'd,
For to please he'd so knowing a *knack;*
While the *old women* swore,
They had ne'er seen before,
Such a *sweet looking charming* Cossack.

20.

Tho' in India 'tis clear,
We have nothing to fear,
As long as we've Regiments of *Blacks*;
Yet how much more *secure*,
We should be I am sure,
If we had but a *Corps* of Cossacks!

Epigram.

On a Lawyer who Died without Effects!

No *Effects* had old Quill when he died,
'Tis odd says his heir, and then pauses;
How could he Dick coolly replied?
When you know he ne'er had any *Causes!*

Epigram.

On a Sailor who was threatened by the Officer on Deck with a Dozen Lashes, (when he should come up from the hold) for Misconduct.

Come up loud the Officer cried,
I'll *give* you a *Doz'n* if you do;
I thank you, Jack quickly replied;
I *wont*, if you promise me *two!*

Lines.

Addressed by a Gentleman to a Lady (by whose Sister he had been entrusted with a Kiss) for her, on his arrival in India.

Oh that I'd never, never been,
Entrusted with such bliss!
I had not suffer'd pangs so keen,
When parting with the Kiss!

How can I ever part sweet maid?
With such a Gem as this!
When deep within my heart is laid;
The dear ecstatic Kiss!

But still dear Girl I'll not repine,
At yielding up the bliss,
If on such heav'nly Lips as thine,
I may repay the Kiss!

Epigram.

On a Sailor who was playing at Drafts in the Maintop with his Messmate, and fell from thence on the Deck.

As a Sailor by chance in the Maintop once play'd,
At *Drafts* with his Messmate above,
He fell on the Deck, and to *Jack* quickly said;
" I'll be d—d if *you make* such a *move!*"

Acrostic.

LINES TO SOPHIA.

Sweetest of women, fairest of the fair,
Oh how transcendant all thy virtues are,
Possessed of charms celestial and divine;
Heavens sweetest *model* natures best *design:*
In thee I trace each virtue to adorn,
And find at last a *Rose* without a *Thorn!*

Song.

TUNE

"*MISS BAILIE.*"

1.

THERE was a merchant once resided at C—np—r Sir,
He sold his goods to *Subs*, and thought the payment sure Sir,
No sooner he deliver'd Bills, he dunn'd the *red Coats* daily,
Exclaiming with a bitter oath "*why dont you pay old*
B—l—e ?".

2.

This merchant clearly had, like other men his failing,
And tho' he oft was wrong, at others e'er was railing,
For should by any chance, the *Spanish* ever fail ye,
He'd instantly conceive, you wish'd to *do* old B—l—e.

3.

Among his many Debtors he'd some who wou'd not pay Sir,
While other of his customers contrived to keep away Sir,
And some behaved like rogues and others were so *scaly*,
That not a *rap* cou'd he *collect*, much injur'd man old B—l—e.

4.

He wrote to them by every post, alas he wrote in vain Sir,
At length he did resolve, to *Lord Lake*, he woud complain Sir,
Addressing every customer, "*you rogue you act so frailly*,"
"*I'll tell his Excellency*."——————Yours truly,
R—t B—l—e.

5.

Are tradsmen to be cheated thus and lose what is their due?
Ah shame, disgrace, nay infamy, be on such rogues as you?
How shocking 'tis to see you drink my *Laull Shrob* so gayly,
While nearly *choak'dup* is the *throat*, of injur'd, R—t B—l—e.

I'll stop your *Balls* and *Suppers* your drinking *Carboncl* Sir,
For such a set of never-pays my *Rack* will do as well Sir,
The devil a *Cheese* or *Ham* you'll get, tho' *appetite* may fail ye,
You may *die* and be *d—d* for me,——————*Your truly*,
R—t B—l—e.

The Gale.

The following lines were written after a tremendous Gale of [illegible] on weathering that boisterous promontory the Cape of Good Hope; many of my readers have no doubt experienced similar storms in those tempestuous Latitudes and will therefore be able to judge of the general accuracy of the description.

The author is fully aware of the difficulty of saying any thing [illegible] or interesting on a subject that has so frequently exercised the talents of so many ingenious writers, nor is he ignorant that [illegible] criticism forbids the use of technical language and terms of art in all the higher kinds of serious composition and poetry. He trusts however he will not be judged by such severe rules; nor censured for failing in what he has not attempted. His object was faithful description, not studied elegance, and as he wrote without any ambition of excellence, he hopes the attempt will not be too severely criticised.

The Gale.

THE Heav'ns with each portending sign abound,
And trembling *birds* the Ship in flights surround,

Hov'ring about, with ill prognostics fraught;
By nature, or by sad experience taught!
Whilst *mackerel forms* above, our eyes assail,[34]
As though to warn us of th' approaching gale,
Black louring clouds with densid vapour press'd;[35]
Rise with terrific grandeur in the west!
Now all is hush'd! but soon deceitful proves,
The transient calm, the breeze that scarcely moves,
In silent stillness! resting but an hour,
To blow the next, with wild resistless pow'r!
For now the clouds the lightning's flash reveal,
And thunder roars, in many an awful peal,
Whilst rain in torrents from the Heav'ns descends,
And the rough gale with rougher sea contends!
Aloft the tars to hand the close reef'd Sail,[36]
Undaunted climb, regardless of the gale;
But vain's th' attempt, the tempest blows so hard,
The sails are torn, in *ribbands*[37] from the yard:
The masts and rigging, tremble at the blast,
And ev'ry gust seems harder than the past!
Th' unruly winds, distend the taught ten'd shrouds,
The *scuds*[38] in quick succession pass the clouds,
While waves impetuous strike the vessels bow,
And rush in torrents![39] to the decks below.

And now the storm, is raging to its height,
Its terrors deepen'd by the glooms of night,
Without a star to guide our lonely way,
For all is darkness, horror, and dismay!
Whilst o'er the foaming sea the vessel flies,
Steady, (with anxious looks) the Captain cries!
The wearied steersmen guide the trembling helm
And fearless stand, tho' sea's the Ship o'erwhelm.
Scarce can their strength, direct th' unruly whee
So great each motion, and so deep each heel
The rudder too, our stand by and our rock
Trembling receives, the wave's concussive shock
The lab'ring vessel's forc'd upon her bear
And streams are gushing, thro' each op'ning seat
Now at the pumps the seamen take their spell,
And add new efforts, as they sound the well;
For each successive time the plummet's cast,
Too true it proves, the leak encreases fast!
The crew at length from toil exhausted grow,
And seek repose, alas in vain below!
The *glass* in turn foretells the gale's encrease,
Nor gives a gleam of hope, that it will cease!
While all, for still far greater ills prepare,
A prey to sorrow, misery, and care!

Above, below, each shud'ring at his doom,
In silent anguish, thinks but of the Tomb!
No friend to help us, as no hand to save,
No place to flee to, from a watr'y grave!
Now 'midst our woe, those friends we've left on shore,
Friends whom we love, but whom we'll view no more,
Rush on our thoughts, encreasing our despair;
To know the grief, which they alas must share!
Farewell to Parents! Wives and Children too!
Sweet hearts and Friends, for ever more adieu!
Alas! those joys to us supremely great,
No more shall greet us in our fallen state!

Still roars the wind, yet louder ev'ry blast,
And ev'ry moment seems as tho' our last!
The *Forcmast* now, where all our hopes relied,[42]
Falls! with tremendous crashes o'er the side!
Confusion reigns, triumphant on the deck,
And ev'ry efforts vain, to clear the wreck;
The Pumps are *choak'd*, no hopes to free the Hold,[43]
While ev'ry moment, keener ills unfold!
Each gleam of hope to save the vessel's fled,
Alas! she seems, fast *settling*[44] by the head!
All human pow'r, at length is truly vain;
And nought but Heav'nly aid, can save us from the main!

Now to that God! who rules the raging sea,
Each eyes uplifted, bended ev'ry knee!
Divine compassion ardently to crave,
To rescue helpless sinners from the grave!
Our prayers are heard, a ray of hope appears!
To check our dread forbodings, and our fears;
Th' unerring *glass*, proclaims the gale shall cease,
The blasts are gentler, and the waves decrease;
Our ship so late a log upon the main,
Once more (thro' Gods great mercy) rights again!

Oh let us learn, however great our care,
To trust in him! and never to despair!
Let ev'ry Soul! in grateful accents raise,
His feeble voice, to speak his Makers praise,
Whose mercy bids our woes no longer last,
And pitying tells us, to forget the past!

Now smiles again, the silver tinted deep,
And gentler breezes, o'er the surface sweep;
Smooth play the waves, the clouds remote are driv'n,
And a mild azure, spreads the vault of heav'n,
Peace speaks in all, repose appears at last;
More sweet for storms dispers'd! and danger past!

The French Emigrè!

1.

Ah sad was the moment! when tyranny bade me,
No longer 'midst those I lov'd dearly to stay;
And cruel that heart rending mandate that made me,
Relinquish my country! A poor *Emigrè!*

2.

When slowly our bark, glided over the ocean,
All nature seem'd cloath'd in majestic array;
I quitted its shores with each painful emotion,
And sighing exclaim'd! I'm A poor *Emigrè!*

3.

On an enemy's coast, with the bitterest anguish,
I tremblingly landed, from fear and dismay;
But British humanity, bade me not languish,
And offered relief! to A poor *Emigrè!*

4.

I found an asylum, where least I expected,
Humanity, words can but little pourtray,
For there, no appeal to compassion's rejected,
Not an *enemy's* even! A poor *Emigrè!*

5.

But novelty's charms, had no power to amuse me,
Variety could not my sorrows allay;
The world had no pleasure, or joy to refuse me,
Compar'd to those fled! from A poor *Emigrè!*

6.

While grateful to those, who so kindly receiv'd me,
Who British humanity deign'd to display,
I'll curse the proud Tyrant, who basely bereav'd me,
Of ev'ry thing dear, to A poor *Emigrè!*

7.

Farewell then to Gallia! my Country for ever!
Each pray'r of my heart, is to see you set free,
Till then, Tho' I love you my Country, Oh never!
Shall you view the return, of your Poor *Emigrè!*

8.

Yet still I'll revere thee, tho' sorrows beset me,
The love that I bear thee, what words can pourtray?
Ah never, blest spot of my birth, I'll forget thee!
While beats the sad heart, of A poor *Emigrè!*

9.

With fervor blest Liberty, ought we to hail thee!
For blessings like thine, how sincere shou'd we pray;
When absent alas! with what pain we bewail thee,
When present, how little we tempt thee to stay!

"Opening the Trade."

The Opening of the Trade to India, has it is well known been long the constant theme of conversation, as well as the bone of contention in the mother country; and the opinions as to the benefits likely to result to the manufacturing towns and community at large from the measure, have been no less numerous, than in many instances amusing, to those intimately acquainted with our eastern possessions.

That England stands unrivalled as an enlightened nation no one can for a moment dispute, but it appears the more extraordinary therefore, that considering the anxious

solicitude, and unremitting exertions of its people, to participate in every possible source of information: our Indian territories (so valuable and extensive, and so long in our possession) should have been so much neglected in their researches, and consequently so little known, either as to its Topography, or the religious prejudices, manners, and customs of its inhabitants

Many are no doubt acquainted with the names of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, but no more! For whether the *former* is situated on the banks of the *Nile* or *Hyphasis* or the *two last* in the *Pacific Ocean* or *Red Sea*, seems of little importance to them!

It has often been productive of considerable amusement to Indians on their return to Europe, to hear the absurd questions proposed by their friends and acquaintance, respecting the country they have so lately quitted: Such as, "pray Sir were you ever acquainted (during your resi-" dence in Calcutta,) with my intimate friend Mr. *Hugand-*" *tug* at Bombay, or *Mr. Scudeschank* at Madras? The last " letter I received from the latter Gentleman was from a " very hard named place, "*Touchimupkully*," Alias Tritchi-" nopolly—how many miles is that from Madras Sir?" thus perfectly persuaded, that the three Presidencies, are within the scope of a *moderate* ride from each other.

Some more ambitious to procure information will ask, "if you ever *penetrated so far* into *Asia*, as the famous *Serampore*, the seat of the *learned Polyglot Missionaries*, or *Chinsurah* the *Dutch Walcheren*," and should you reply that you have traversed even the *fertile meadows* and *exuberant plains* of *Dum Dum!* As though the *name* was intended for the *effect* produced, the consequence is *astonishment*, even to the *temporary* loss of *speech!* Fortunately those *terrific* appellations of *Chitpore!* *Bowanny Gully*, or *Wandiwash!* were not mentioned, or *recovery* might have been *doubtful!*

Then the enquiries as to the sociability, hospitality, and politeness of the Hindoos, their desire for *European* manufactures,—'*for there lies the pith* of the *matter*.'!

They would have the *innocent* and *neglected* Natives all at once become *Philosophical* or *Metaphysical Beef-eaters*. *Connoisseurs* of *Hams* and *Cheeses*, drink *Ratafia*, and dance *Fandangos!* Were their wishes to be realized the tenets of *Bramah* would immediately gain strength, for the poor *Pidjachek* Hindoo, would naturally suppose and believe, that the *sudden* and *astonishing* metamorphosis, was nothing less than the long and ardently expected 4050th transmigration of Bramah, and the young Bramahpoots. !

Far be it from me to say any thing disrespectful of that country, which every Briton (however far his destiny

may remove him from it,) must sincerely revere and love; not only as the blest spot of his birth, but as a portion of the globe envied by the remainder of the world, for the humanity, bravery, and many other honorable feelings, possessed and practiced by its inhabitants!

But I trust it will occasion no offence my glancing at trivial imperfections, for in this world none of us are perfect!

I have for my part long been ruminating on the importance of the subject of Opening the Trade, and depriving the East India Company of privileges, (which they have so long enjoyed with honor to themselves and benefit to their country:)—and of late indeed have dreamt of nothing else,—while the sound of "*down with the Charter*" and "*no Monopoly*" has been continually *ringing* in my ears; Till on a late particularly restless night I was observed by my *Sirdar Bearer* to get up in my sleep, and call loud for *Pen Ink* and *Paper*, (or as some would have called it in the more beautiful language of the East, *Shy Kullum Coggug!*) and in the morning when I awoke at the usual hour, I discovered that the following had been the production of my somniferous lucubrations,

As such I beg leave with every deference to submit them to a discerning public under the title.

"*Of a lay of the present century.*"

"Opening the Trade."

To the much Admired *Tune of* Derry Down!!

1.

What a terrible bustle!——the *Charter* has made,
What exertions are making!——to open the *Trade*,
Though many desire it!——who strange 'tis to tell,
Petition to *Trade*!——when they've nothing to *sell!*

2.

E'en *Children* themselves——of it's benefits speak,
Expecting *rice pudding*——each day in the week,
To have their *frocks* made out of *Sunderbund Shawls*,[18]
Or *bales* of *rawsilk*,——from the *Jungle Mahauls*![19]

3.

The Court of Directors——are puzzled to find,
A *reason* 'gainst *claims*——of so *novel* a kind,
No wonder——that *Leadenhall street's* in a *fright!*
To hear *Humpty Dumpty* from morning to night![20]

4.

The *Old Women* hope when the *Trade* shall be *free*,
To partake——————of more *potent* infusions of *Tea*,
At present——————it tastes of the water *too strong*,
And is more like *small beer*, than it is like *Souchong!*

5.

How pleasant their *very dear* friends to invite!
To "*Tea* and *Turn out*," or a "*Rout*" ev'ry night,
Till nervous and weak——to a *charming* degree,
They *shake* like the leaf of the fam'd *Aspin Tree!*

6.

The *Birmingham* folks, do not doubt in the least,
Their *Ships* will return full of *Gems* from the East,
They *warrant* success—to the *grand* undertaking,
And *think* the *Pagoda*[1] *Trees* only want—*shaking!*

7.

They mean to send out, when the Charter expires,
More *Razors* by far!———than all *India* requires,
Determined no *Whiskers* or *Beards*—shall be seen,
From the *Banks* of the *Indus*!——to *Cape Comerin*!

8.

And then so desirous to mend our *rough* state,
To *polish* our *manners*,——as well as our *plate*,
Our *Dross to extract*,——and our *worth* to *refine*,
And teach us like *Birmingham* gentry to *shine*!

9.

Our *Staffordshire* friends will send *hot water* plates,
The merchants at *Sheffield*—supply us with *skaits*,
While *warming pans* too, will come out to be sold,[22]
And thick *Patent* blankets,—*defend* us from cold!

10.

When of new fashion'd *grates*, they send out a supply,
'T would be very *ungrateful*——if we did not buy,
In *rains* or *hot winds*——when surrounding the *fire*,
How *freely*[23] we'll *chat*, and how *freely perspire*!

11

The *Steam engines* next in their turn will appear,
And add to our Warmth———not a little I fear,
Unlucky the man!——who such *cargoe's* bespoke,
He'll find that his *profits*,—will all end in *smoke*!

12.

How strange to our *Servants* it surely will seem,
Both *Coaches* and *Palanqueens*, moving by *steam*,
How charming when taking an *Esplanade* ride,
To be stifl'd with *smoke*, and be *dusted* beside!

13.

In Russia French *regiments* were seen in the *field*,
To be *in one mass*!!————*in an instant congealed*,
While their *cavalry corps* in full *run* from the foe,
Turn'd to *Pillars of Ice*, and *stuck fast* in the *Snow*!![24]

14.

Now may it not happen——where *heat* is so great,
If Frenchmen come here, they'll meet *opposite* fate?
But *Bone* wont venture————he's not such an *ass*,
To send his troops *here*,——to be turn'd into *gas*!

15.

Their *weather proof* wigs will I fear nought avail,
To keep our heads free——from the *coup de soleil*!
But whenever *our troops* shall its potent rays feel,
If they *burn*, it will be with *true* Soldier like *Zeal*!

16

In England————the people will *never* believe,
The *strange* kind of *stories*———they often receive,
That the *Natives* on *Tygers*,——and *Buff'loes* ride,
And *live* upon *rice*————and drink *water* beside. [23]

17.

Common sense is enough to convince'em they say,
That no human creature ——could live in this way,
That *Casts* are all *nonsense* —— their prejudice *sham*,
They'd *eat* it they *have* them, both *Turkey* and *Ham*.

18.

Mahomed———they say may forbid them to feed,
On *Hams* that are cur'd from the *East India* breed,
But fresh *English* Hams,——they declare to a *man*,
Were never *prohibited*————by his *Qooran!*

19.

How strange that the natives so naked should go,
And scarce wear a rag,——from the top to the toe,
'Tis *shameful* to treat the poor creatures with *scorn*,
And let them go naked————as ADAM was *born!*

20.

'Tis hard————'*tis by nations!* of people, they say,
Should be rul'd in *England*————and *by name* away,
That poor *yellow* creatures——*because* they are *blacks*,
Haven't *hats* to their *head*, nor yet *coats* to their *backs!*

21.

How anxious————the *Musselmen!* and the *Hindoos*,
To get *Wellington boots*, and wear *Wellington shoes!*
How pleasing————to view them, come into a room,
When rigg'd out "*Bang up,*" in the English *costume!*

22.

How charming to ask, our *dark* friends to partake,
In true *Eng'ish style*,———of an English *Beef stake*,
To see them make use, of their *forks* and their *knives*,
As if they had *ne'er*——*us'd* their *hands* in their *lives!*

23.

How pleasing————to see at the Governors Ball,
The natives *cut capers*,———— —t'astonish us all!
Declaiming 'gainst *Naching*[26]———as vastly *ill bred*,
And *Waltzing*,———and dancing *Cotillions* instead.

24.

Then *Twig* the *Sircar*,[27] sitting down to play *whist*,
And shuffling the Cards———with his delicate *fist*!
When losing the *points*——from *ill luck* or *bad play*,
Deducting *Dustoory*[28]———from what he's to *pay*!

25.

But stop !———I forgot, it's a far diff'rent case,
Opinions to maxims———must ever give place,
Our *friend* when he plays, will be *certain* to win,
A *black leg must sure*, take the *knowing* ones *in*!

———

26.

Conceive that you hear them at Colledge dispute,
With Idiom *correct!* and an accent *minute!*
Harranging !————on points of *political* nature !
And *Master's Sircar* !———acting *first* Moderator !

———

27.

Mrs. will never have cause to complain,
Should she ever come out to Calcutta again,
Nor longer despise the poor ignorant *wretches!*
For eating of *Pork* or for wearing the *Breeches!*

28.

How delighted!———The *Rajah Nabobsee* will be,
To invite *Beebee* Gram to play *Cards* and drink *Tea*,
While *Chats* of all kinds!——will arrive by the score,
From *Sabut Persaud*!——and from *Gopey Takoor*!*

29.

The *Belles* of the Fast,———in *Mamelucs* dress'd!
Will taste of *life*'s pleasures—as nature design'd!
How *sweetly* they'll jog *arm in arm* with their loves!
In *red Satin* Gowns!—and in *white Leather Gloves*!

30.

Oh picture them joining ——a *round* game at *cards*,
Or solving *Conundrum* !——or learning *Charades*!
At *dinner* conversing———with *fashion* and *ease*,
With true *Irish* grace saying "*Port if you please*!"

31.

E'en *Raspberry Dutt*,[30]———is expecting to clear,
When Trade is thrown open, *two thousand* a year!
By filling his Godown,———as full as 'twill cram!
And changing his *name*, just to "*Raspberry Jam.*"

32.

What *Lots* of Pine Cheese———for *immediate* use!
With Claret, Port Wine, and Pale Ale as profuse.
How charming to pour the *contents* in our *Throttles*,
And get back it's *price* ———by *returning* the *Bottles*.

33.

Oh dear! what an *Outcry* for years has been made.
'Gainst Company's *Charter* and Company's *Trade*!
Calcutta I fear, ----when it's open'd will find,
That *Greater Outcrys* ———of a *different* kind!

34.

Too soon they'll discover,———these *emulous* folks,
That *op'ning* the *Trade*,———is no more than a *hoax*!
And seeing———that all their *fine prospects* are *vain*,
Petition———to have the *Trade* shut up *again*!

35.

Let'em dream of the East, of Goldmoh'rs and Rupees!
And believe that they grow in *large crops* on the *Trees*,
But *soon* very soon, they'll find out to their *sore*;
It's as false as the *story* "Of *three Reg'ments more!*"[12]

36.

Let *India* be rul'd,———by *John Company's* Laws,
Which justly have gain'd him *our Country's* applause;
Let friend *Humpty Dumpty* sit firm on the Wall,
Our heads may be broken, if *Humpty* shoud fall!!

Lines Addressed to a Lady,

Who said, "she would live the remainder of her Days in a Flower Garden."

Go then sweet Maid to yonder bow'r,
And tell the *lillies* there,
They cannot boast so sweet a flow'r;
Nor yet one half so fair!

And when thy charms at morn expand,
Bedeck'd———with pearly dew!
Oh! let no bold intruders hand,
E'er steal those charms from you!

Long shal't thou be the gardens pride,
In all thy radiance dress'd,
No flow'r that blossoms by thy side,
Shall e'er be half so blest!

And when the genial summers past,
And winter reigns severe,
Still thou shal't never feel its blast,
But—*Ever-green* appear!

While other flow'rs are doom'd to be,
Both wither'd and decay'd,
Ah! not a leaf shall fall from thee,
For thou cans't never fade!

Oh Celia! thou must never die,
Who can so sure impart,
A cure to ev'ry weeping Eye,
A balm to every Heart!

Song.

WRITTEN FOR, AND SUNG

At the Moira Lodge,

CALCUTTA:

ON ST. JOHN'S DAY.

TUNE

"The Prince and Old England for Ever."

HAIL! hail! to the day with all reverence profound,
Which brings recollection so dear,
May true Brotherly love and affection abound,
And mirth and good humour appear;
Then let us rejoice, may each *Mason* on earth
Be proud of the Auspicious day,
Which gave the blest *Patron* of *Masonry* birth,
And destined it ne'er to decay!

CHORUS.

Then push round the bottle replenish the bowl,
And let's pledge to Masonical laws;
While ev'ry true *Mason* with heart and with soul,
Shall rejoice in *Philanthropy's* cause!

May Benevolence live in the heart of each *Brother*,
An honor to Peasant and King!
May compassionate tears for the woes of another,
Flow pure from Philanthropy's spring!
While our actions ensure us each envied applause,
And crown us with *Masonic* fame;
Can "*That Lodge*" ever fail in *Humanity's* cause,
Which bears so *illustrious* a name?

CHORUS.

Then push round the bottle, our joy let's evince,
Exulting with pleasure and pride;
That "MOIRA," the boast of his Country and Prince,
Is our *Patron!* our *Brother!* our *Guide!*

Be his *Name* then our *Compass*, our *Rule* and our *Guide!*
A charm on each *trying* occasion;
Then Hail it with gratitude! Hail it with pride!
Let it e'er be the *boast* of a Mason:
May it ever instruct us each day that we live,
To *relieve* the distress of a *Brother*,
For what in this life can such ecstasy give!
As to *plead* for the *woes* of another?

CHORUS.

Then fill up your glasses, nor let the wine stand,
In our Patron what virtue's combin'd;
Then shall not our hearts with true rapture expand?
When we pledge to the FRIEND OF MANKIND!

May each *social* delight to our meetings give *zest*,
And mirth and good humour be blended,
May the *heart* prompt the *hand* to relieve the distres'd,
And *Charity* ne'er be *suspended!*
Each benevolent act shall our *conscience* repay,
With sweet and spontaneous delight;
Our *reward* for the virtues we practice *by day*,
We'll *receive* on our *pillows* at night!

CHORUS.

Then push round the bottle, (in bumpers of wine
Let us pledge the return of the Day;)
May Masonry never a *moment* decline,
'Tis "a FABRIC," which ne'er can decay!

Anacreontic.

TUNE

"When time which steals our years away."

As now with cheerfull fiiends we're met,
Our hours shall gayly pass,
We'll ev'ry baneful care forget,
Or drown them in the glass!

Tho' others their existence rue,
And say this lifes a span,
Let us for fear it should be true;
Enjoy it—while we can!

Then lift the roseate cup divine,
With rapture to the lip,
We may n't to-morrow have such wine,
Such nectar sweet to sip.

The social friend and flowing bowl,
What joys do they impart?
The one must e'er inspire the soul,
The other cheer the heart!

One pleasure more we still desire,
To crown th' Elisian treat!
'Tis lovely woman!—we require;
To make those joys compleat!

Then lift the roseate cup divine,
With rapture to the lip,
We may n't to-morrow have such wine,
Such nectar sweet to sip.

And while the heav'nly drink shall last,
Whilst yet one drop remains!
We'll pledge the pleasures of the past,
And smile at all its pains!

Tho' from the tyrant call of death,
No earthly pow'r can save,
We'll revel till our latest breath,
And cease but in the grave!

Then lift the roseate cup divine,
With rapture to the lip,
We may n't to-morrow have such wine
Such nectar sweet to sip!

To Rosa.

Come then sweet Rosa let me try,
To check that falling tear,
'T was never meant thy sparkling eye,
Should e'er so dim appear!

Then Oh! from off that lovely face,
Each sign of woe d spell,
Let sorrow ne'er usurp the place:
Where joy alone should dwell!

From ev'ry bitter grief refrain,
No more,————dejected be!
Oh! if I can't remove thy pain,
Then let me share't with thee!

Ah then we'll taste of real bliss,
Love's sweet delights shall flow,
Amidst such heav'nly joy as this,
We'll smile at earthly woe!

And when I press thee to my heart,
We'll taste joys fullest measure,
For love shall bid our woes depart,
And welcome ev'ry pleasure!

Lines by a Lover,

"On hearing that his Mistress was given over by her Physicians."

And must those Eyes for ever close?
Which oft resplendant shone?
Where will thy Lover seek repose?
When all his hopes are gone!

And can I then resign that smile?
So wont to charm my heart?
How shall I hours of woe beguile?
If we——for ever part!

Alas! what misery we learn,
 Each hour we're doom'd to live,
The stronger our affections burn,
 The greater pain they give!

Then if thy Journey's clos'd in death,
 E'er scarce thy Days begun,
Ah! let me too resign my breath,
 And make our sorrows one!

The Rose Eclipsed.

The Rose that blooms in yonder Bow'r,
From care and sorrow free,
Was never half so chaste a flow'r,
Nor yet so sweet as thee!
What radiant hues thy form intwine,
What beauty do they boast,
'Tis difficult 'midst charms like thine,
To say which glitter most!

Then shall I rob thee of thy pow'r,
Admiring—as I walk?
'T wou'd be a sin sweet blooming flow'r;
To pluck thee from thy stalk!
Continue then of flow'rs the chief,
Celestial odours grant,
For worlds I wou'd not steal a leaf,
From such a heav'nly plant!

Far from Home.

Sorrows alas! too sure abound,
In ev'ry clime where e'er we roam;
But Ah! still keener woes are found,
In exile from our *Native Home!*

What tho' the wealth of India gain'd,
Can that dispell deep rooted gloom?
Shall tears of anguish be restrain'd?
Which own a *sou. e* so far from *Home!*

If balmy sleep the eye enchants,
And fancy paints our much lov'd dome;
Ah! how the heart with rapture pants,
At e'en *th' illusive* sight of *Home!*

Still tho' such fleeting moments seem,
A transient solace to our gloom;
Returning day proclaims the dream,
To prove alas! we're *still* from *Home!*

Should cheering hope e'en speak return,
And joy spring up in sorrows room;
Still would each ling'ring moment learn,
The heart to *pant* still more for *Home!*

But what can earthly aid impart?
To grief which hurries to the tomb?
Or what assuage that breaking heart?
Which fondly *seeks* Eternal *Home!*

Fair Jesse!

Near a deep and meand'ring stream,
Sat Jesse————dejected, forlorn!
Her eye seem'd no longer to beam,
The bloom of her cheek it was gone:
Her looks ev'ry sorrow bespoke,
The tears as they gush'd from her eyes,
While proving her heart nearly broke,
Were welcom'd alas! by her sighs.

With grief I accosted the Maid,
My heart bade me not to refrain,
In soft soothing accents I said;
Ah! tell me the cause of your pain?
With anguish she faintly replied,
'T will only distress you to know,
On Man!——I too fondly relied;
And Man! is the cause of my woe.

Behold but this woe beaten face,
The seat of remorse and despair,
What sign or remains can you trace?
Of joys which were once pictur'd there?
By Man's luring accents betray'd,
From virtue from honor and fame;
I once,——was an innocent Maid!
But now, am an emblem of Shame!

Oh! cease then to grieve for my lot,
From death! Ah what mortal can save?
May my guilt——be forever forgot,
Alas! when I'm cold in my Grave!
Too quickly and true did she prove,
No cure to her pangs could be giv'n,
Impatient!——her Soul fled above,
To seek for forgiveness in Heav'n!

Addressed to a Lady,

Who desired her Lover to return her Miniature and to think no more of her!

How sweet Girl can I forget thee?
How erase such charms divine?
Memory!——will ne'er permit me
To forget such worth as thine!

Ask not then the boon you gave me,
In that blest though fleeting hour,
Think not charms which cou'd enslave me,
Can so quickly lose their pow'r.

Farewell to Madras.

Farewell Madras!——a sad adieu I take,
And quit the only joy I'd wish to share,
In that farewell, what charms do I forsake?
Yet ah alas! my heart will still be there.

As from the deck with many an anxious look,
I view'd the place, where all my treasure lies;
Ah! with what grief the latest glimpse I took,
While Ev'ry moment usher'd out my sighs.

But why thus mournful when I leave the spot?
Where all my hopes lie center'd in the fair,
Perhaps kind heaven! has thus ordain'd my lot,
To ease my mind from anguish and despair!

Reflections,

ON

Shade and Shaving!

When e'er my trembling hands to shave begin,
To mow superfluous *bristles*———from my chin,
How oft!————I ruminate upon the case,
That e'er employs thy edge 'gainst nature's laws;
Oh that a mortal!————ever should have need,
Of thy dread pow'r,—to effect the impious deed!

To a Lady,

Who was displeased at a Gentleman's looking at her.

If thine Eyes are forbidden to rove,
Or cast their bright lustre on me;
Can mine so inanimate prove?
As not to be dazzled by thee?

Acrostic.

WHERE can you e'er such merit find?
Rich charm and virtue's here combin'd!
Rich!——in the grand attractive art,
To charm the soul, and win the heart;
Ah! let my mu e——in brightest lays,
Rejoice to speak in *Watts's* praise!

On Neglected Beauty.

ON the hard ground she lay,
From her home being driv'n,
No shelter or cover the cold to disarm;
While dew drops transparent,
Descending from Heav'n!
Like *Di'monds* gave *lustre* to every Charm.

Epigram.

On a Tradesman (who on being appointed to Supply his Majesty,) had put over his door a Transparency in honor of the Kings birth day, and ask'd his friend who was near, "if he saw his Device."

Do you see my *Device?* the transparency's mine,
My motto's——————*long life to the king?*
No Sir,——but I plainly *perceive* your *Design,*
And that you know Sir's——'the *same* thing!'

Epigram.

On a Person who attended Church out of his own Parish, and on being asked why he was not affected with the Sermon (when every one Else were in tears?) replied "this is not my Parish!"

How was it friend Donkin at church I espied!
That you shew'd neither sorrow or feeling!
"*It is not my parish* you know," he *replied,*
For *I live*————in the *Parish* of *Ealing!*

Farewell to Anna.

Sad was the hour yet sadder still this heart,
When from my Anna I was doom'd to part,
Oh with what pangs I heard that stern decree,
Which made me lose a world of joy in thee!
What words can e'er my settled grief pourtray,
When fate relentless——bore me far away!
Can I forget when walking in the bow'r?
With what delight past on each fleeting hour?
Can I forget though doom'd to be the last?
The happy scenes and pleasures of the past?
Still mem'ry paints those days by pleasure led,
To tell my heart——alas how quick they fled!
With poignant grief I view my alter'd lot,
And almost wish my former bliss forgot,
Yet can that mem'ry so ungrateful prove?
To bid me e'er forget——the girl I love?

Ah no! each trace of her blest charms I find,
Shall deeper print her image on my mind,
These Eyes shall weep, for her my soul adores,
My tongue shall speak, the loss my heart deplores!
Ah! then but deign to heave one sigh for me,
Who suffers many a painful one for thee,
And tho' remov'd far distant from my view,
Shed but a tear!—for many shed for you,
Each pearly drop, shall heav'nly aid impart,
And soothe the anguish, of a breaking heart!

Impromptu.

On a Gentleman shedding Tears (who had never been known to Weep before!)

Why weep my friend or thus dejected be?
Unless thy tears are novelty to thee?
Restrain thy grief, thy wonted peace restore,
'Tis hard on Eyes, *which never wept before*!

My Hookah.

THE object of the following verses, is to pourtray the pleasures as well as pains arising from the use of the Hookah, I feel no small diffidence in offering the production to the public, when I advert to the many pleasing Odes, already composed on the subject so circumstanced, willing to avoid the charge of plagiarism, I at first intended to usher it forth under the title of "*My Kulean*,"[45] or "*Hurdum Tazu*," and indeed once had nearly given it the very humble appellation of "*My Hubble-bubble*."[46] But on reflection recollecting the latter, not to be in use in European circles; (although possessing equally *melodious* sounds, and as great a portion of *Smoke* as the Hookah) I was fearful it might be displeasing to those of my readers who were amateurs of the smoking art, and therefore finally resolved to give it (with all its blemishes) under the old designation of

MY HOOKAH.

"*To smoke or not to smoke, that is the question! Whether*
"*'tis better in the mind to suffer ennuy, and all the ills of time*
"*unoccupied, or to wage war against such endless troubles,*
"*and by a Hookah and a cloud of smoke, to stifle them!*"

The Joys of the Hookah.

1.

Tho' some may smoke *Sugar*, *Cheroot*,
Or other taste's, *a pipe* may suit!
They can't with thee, the palm dispute,
My Hookah.

2.

When oft in boats, I've been confin'd,
And ev'ry festive scene resign'd,
You then consol'd my drooping mind,
My Hookah.

3.

Whilst slow the Furrate us'd to glide,
Along the Ganga's banish'd tide,
What pleasing comfort you supplied,
My Hookah.

4

And when for weeks no change I've seen,
No fertile banks, or meadows green!
With thee, I've ne'er dejected been,
My Hookah.

5.

In gloomy Jungles where alas! [48]
No friend was near to quaff the glass,
Still did my hours contented pass,
My Hookah.

6.

And if the season hail'd disease,
From stagnate Jeels, or wither'd trees, [49]
Thy smoke dispell'd the noxious breeze,
My Hookah.

7

Expos'd to Sol's meridian pow'r,
Or delug'd by the pelting show'r!
You cheer'd me in the gloomy hour,
My Hookah.

8.

In Camps where oft untimely fell,
The valiant youth by fever's spell,
Thy fumes for ever kept me well,
My Hookah.

9.

From lengthen'd march the Foe to meet,
Assail'd by thirst, expos'd to heat,
The conflict gain'd! I'd joyful greet,[50]
My Hookah.

10.

By arduous duty now depress'd,
My strength exhausted, still no rest!
To me, you then were doubly blest,
My Hookah.

11.

Then as I sat beneath a tree,
If shade their hap'ly chanc'd to be!
I seiz'd thy snake with ecstacy,[51]
My Hookah.

12.

And now with evils still more trying,
To grieve for friends, departed, dying!
Alas! I smok'd thee often sighing!
My Hookah.

13.

The Heart which can refuse a tear,
For those who fall in War's career,
Can ne'er deserve thy envied cheer,
My Hookah.

14.

And if by chance in party dining,
Where conversation, seem'd declining,
I never thought of once repining!
My Hookah.

15

But if that silence should be broke,
I did as others did, I spoke, [52]
And then resum'd my pipe to smoke!
My Hookah.

16.

Should lovely Woman deign partake,
A whiff or two for smoking sake, [53]
What odour wou'd it give thy snake!
My Hookah.

17.

Not nectar would I wish to sip,
Allow'd that blest *munall* to grip,[54]
Which has been press'd by Womans lip!

My Hookah.

18.

If Hookah's can such pleasure give,
And smokers! can such Joys receive;
Oh Let me smoke thee while I live,

My Hookah.

The Pains of the Hookah.

1.

How oft I've wish'd my snake were broke,
When not a soul around me spoke,
And I quite giddy from thy smoke,
My Hookah.

2.

Thy bub'ling noise to some may be,
A kind of pleasing harmony, [55]
Such music has no charms for me,
My Hookah.

3.

Oft have I sat by smoke quite hid, [56]
And smoking scarce knew what I did,
Nor quid est hoc? from *hoc est quid,*
My Hookah.

4.

From smoking thee I never knew,
A single pleasure to accrue,
But often headach did ensue,
My Hookah.

5.

Sure man was born for greater Joys,
Than puffing, (making just the noise,)
That children do, with *fairing* Toys,
My Hookah.

6.

How strange that many wou'd resign,
E'en woman's converse, charms divine,
And rather wou'd give up their wine!
Than Hookah.

7.

How charming sitting all the night,
To puff and blow with all my might,
And after all I cannot light![57]
My Hookah.

8.

And should it be my happy fate,
To bring it to a smoking state,
Perhaps still greater ills await,

My Hookah.

9.

For scarce my mouth-piece I apply it,
My nearest friend requests to try it,
And my politeness can't deny it,

My Hookah.

10.

Then he who smokes at *my* expence,
(Which shews at any rate *his* sense,) [58]
Returns perhaps, full *two* hours *hence*,

My Hookah.

11.

And now I puff and puff again,
But all my puffing is in vain,
For nothing but the *Gools* remain, [59]

My Hookah.

12.

How pleasing then it is to gripe,
The mouth-piece I'm oblig'd to wipe,
Because my friend has smok'd thy pipe,
My Hookah.

13.

Or if perhaps some charming fair,
Gets my new snake beneath her chair,
It would be rude to say it's there,
My Hookah.

14.

Then if some hapless Wight o'er turns it, [60]
The carpet's spoiled, thy chillum burns it,
How pleasant when my Host discerns it,
My Hookah.

15.

And then to stop the flame's career,
Lest any holes or spots appear, [61]
Some throw on claret, some throw beer,
My Hookah.

16.

Or if by chance you sit between,
Two hookahs, neither which are clean,
Enough to give a man the spleen!

My Hookah.

17.

Let those who find they have the leisure,
Enjoy the cloudy bub'ling treasure,
For me, I cannot see the pleasure!

My Hookah.

Contrasted Hospitality!

FORT WILLIAM —v— CHISWICK.

1.

In England when I used to dine,
With many a friend at Chiswick;[62]
Why d—n it, when I *call'd* for *wine*,
They gave mé nought but *Physic!*

2.

But Doctor..... when sick I pine,
With cholic, ague, phthisic;
He gives me nothing else but *wine*,
When e'er I *call* for *Physic!*[63]

"Advice to Susceptible hearts."

1.

If ever in Love's sweetest bower you are straying,
To revel 'midst pleasures, so chaste and divine;
Beware lest the roses, each lustre displaying,
Their tendrils too close, on your heart shou'd entwine!

2.

Resist ev'ry charm, and attraction so glowing,
Nor trifle with feelings, such beauties impart;
Lest seeds of desire, you're unconsciously sowing,
Or love's soft emotions take root in your heart!

Impromptu.

On a Lady observing that it was dark, and that night had arrived.

Then close thine eyes sweet Girl I pray,
If you would have it night,
For while they shine it must be day,
They give such radiant light!

On an Actor,

Who fell dead at the moment he was repeating, (in the part of the Stranger,) "there is another and a better world."

"THERE is another, and a better world he said,"
His soul impatient, quick to seek it fled!

Impromptu.

On two Doctors in a Country Town in England, disputing who had most Patients.

BOAST not of your practice with arrogant pride,
Nor talk of the Patients you've mended;
I tell you friend Blister, that joking aside,
I've *kill'd* more than you ever *attended!*

"Pity the sorrows of a Wretch forlorn."

1.

Pity the sorrows of a wretch forlorn,
If in thy breast, compassion deigns to dwell,
Nor from the guilty, turn away with scorn,
Whilst a sad heart, a sadder tale shall tell!

2.

I had a father, whose unvaried love,
Indulg'd alas my youth's impetuous will;
He had a daughter could ungrateful prove,
And bid him share, of every bitter ill!

3.

In a small cottage by the riv'lets side,
Blest with each beauty, nature could bestow,
There was I born! My parents joy and pride,
Alas! I proved, the source of ev'ry woe!

4.

Once was I happy, never wish'd to roam,
Contented, ask'd no other joys to share,
Till artful man, decoy'd me from my home,
To yield me up, a victim to despair!

5.

In that sad hour, for happier lot design'd,
My fault'ring tongue, can ill the story tell;
To him, my virtue, honor, I resign'd,
And down the dreadful precipice, I fell!

6.

When preying grief, shall close these weeping eyes,
And death shall lay me, in the silent tomb;
Ah let these tears! these agonizing sighs!
Make thee avoid, my melancholy doom.

7.

Unthinking mortals, thus our days are past,
By pleasure led, regardless of the morrow;
To-day we vainly hope, our joy must last,
To-morrow proves, the harbinger of sorrow!

The Pleasures of a Voyage to India.

The Author is fully aware that the following Stanzas, cannot boast of much *poetical harmony*, and he has only been induced to give them insertion, in the hope that (notwithstanding their inferiority,) they may afford some amusement to his readers; most of whom he imagines, must have participated in the *pleasures* they are intended to describe.

A voyage to India.

1.

When in England they tell you 'tis true,
That India is full of rupees;
That *there* you'll have nothing to do,
But *gather* them off from the *trees*:
Ah! how can one give a denial?
To visit so charming a place?
It sure must be worthy a trial,
When *fortune*, stares *plump* in your face

2.

Let 'em boast of each mercantile plan,
But when fortune's so *easily* made,
I'd give not a straw for the man,
Who'd submit to be brought up to trade:
I like not your snailish progression,
Independence procur'd by degrees,
A fig for each boasted profession,
Save that, which brings lots of *rupees!*

3.

How pleasant, to Portsmouth to ride,
Your trunks being sent by the waggon,
You may either go *in*, or *outside;*
And sup at the *George*, or the *Dragon:*
Each comfort they kindly display,
For travellers, *need* it the most,
And *only* expect you to pay,
The *needful*, in turn to the Host,

4.

And, now in the midst of your woes,
You are anxious to know when you sail,
But find that the worst of all foes,
Are the *Westerly* winds which prevail;
When walking the streets of the City,
You think it *provoking* and strange;
The *weathercock*, will not take *pity*,
And turn round to *East*, for a change!

5.

Then your trunks and your baggage arrive,
Which you pack'd with particular care,
But the Custom-house people contrive,
To *unpack* them, to see what is there!
Your cloaths, they provokingly strew,
While you, most despairingly stand;
Till you try what a *guinea* will do,
If applied to the *palm* of the hand.

6.

At length there's an end to your sorrow,
The troubles of Portsmouth I mean,
You find that you're off on the morrow,
And nothing but bustle is seen;
Now shopmen bring in their demands,
You're bother'd, fatigued ev'ry joint,
In fact you're pursued by all *hands*,
From the *Inn*, all the way to the *Point!*

7.

Now on board, you remain for a week,
Till the Captain comes off from the shore,
By degrees you're beginning to speak,
To those you ne'er spoke to before;
Whilst mirth is consign'd to afar,
Each sighing "Ah why did I roam?"
Some bewailing the loss of *papa!*
And *others*, their *sweethearts* at home.

8.

And now all assembled at table,
To *grieve!* but alas not to *eat*,
E'en the dishes partake of the sable,
Tho' you wont partake of their meat;
Each trying his woes to conceal,
At resigning the dear little Isle,
A *tear* would their anguish reveal,
But it's *check'd* by hypocrisy's *smile*.

9.

How charming down channel when sailing,
The white cliffs of England appear,
You view them, sincerely bewailing,
You're quitting a Country so dear;
A *respite* may chance to be found,
To soften your woe and dismay,
If you're *lucky*, (the wind coming round,)
You may spend a *few* weeks in *Torbay!*

10.

Then how pleasing, in Biscay's rough bay,
To be tost to and fro all the while,
Which they call an *agreeable* way,
To escape from attacks of the bile;
For though sick you will certainly be,
Yet the doctors explicitly tell,
The *more* you are sick, when at sea;
The *longer* on shore you'll be well.

11.

Now the ship, rolls from one side to t'other,
And lurches so deep in the wave,
You think if she takes *such* another,
You may meet with a *watery* grave:
While your boxes, and trunks roll about,
And your cabin, is all in confusion;
You are *lucky* if you can get out,
And *escape* with a trifling *contusion.*

12.

Or if bruis'd from the foot to the neck,
The picture of woe and despair,
You crawl by degrees on the deck,
Just to swallow a mouthful of air;
When you hope from misfortune to be free,
But your sorrows are scarcely begun,
You're half drown'd by the shipping a sea,
While the tars keep enjoying the fun.

13.

Then how charming to get in your Cot,
And by sleep to get rid of your pain,
But the cabin's so dreadfully hot,
You endeavour to sleep but in vain;
Your Cot hook, *disliking* your *weight*,
Giving way, lets you down with your bed,
You're reduced to a pitiful state,
And scarce know your *heels* from your *head!*

14.

How pleasant at breakfast to meet,
Where they give you hard *biscuit* for *bread*,
Of which, if you venture to eat,
You're sure to start ev'ry tooth in your head;
But the *butter* is quite the reverse,
You've not the least reason to *dread* it,
The heat makes it *quickly* disperse,
And gives you no trouble to *spread* it.

15.

How charming to climb on the Poop,
To hear friendly confab begin,
And to set in a row on a *coop*,
While the *hens* keep a *cackling* within;
There the ills of the night you pourtray,
While the *geese*, make in turn such a *clatter*,
It signifies nought what you say,
For you *can't hear* a word of the *matter*.

16.

How delightful the tune of *roast beef*,
 Which when dinner's on table they play;
Were it not for this pleasing *relief*,
 Ah *how* would you get thro' the day?
But sunday's far pleasanter still,
 When of dainties, of all kinds you cram;
You may *first* go to *Church* if you *will*,
 Then at *dinner*, eat *turkey* and *ham*!

17.

How pleasant when crossing the line,
 To view, *Father Neptune's* procession,[64]
Alarm'd should the sailors incline,
 To *shave* you all *round* in progression;
How pitiful then is your case,
 It is certainly *joking* too *far*;
To *scrape* all the *skin* off your *face*,
 And *besmear* it all over with *tar*.

18.

The *trade wind's* beginning to blow,
You swiftly proceed on your track,
How truly *consoling* to know,
You've just the *same road* to go *back;*
I mean to those *only* at least,
Who look to their homes, with concern,
Who don't *mean* to *die* in the East,
But who *live* by the *hopes* of return.

19.

Now safely arrived in false Bay,[65]
You set off in *haste* for Cape Town,
And drive *eight* in *hand*, all the way,
In *waggons*, up *mountains* and down!
The prospects you view with surprise,
But *jolted* to death by the *stones*,
'Tis *amusing* enough for the *eyes*,
But dev'lish *hard work* for the *bones*.

20.

But the worst is the *rounding* the Cape,
Surrounded by *turbulent* waters,
You are lucky, if you can escape,
The ills of the *devil's head* quarters;[66]
For days to and fro, you are cast,
On the waves, of the boisterous Ocean,
You begin to suppose, that at *last*,
You've discover'd *perpetual* motion.

21.

Should you chance at *Johanna* to Stay,[67]
To purchase all kind of supplies,
You will look at the place I dare say,
With *delight*, and *uncommon* surprise;
There *titles*, of all kinds you meet,
Both Lords, Dukes, and Marquisses too;
Our *court* at St. James's they *beat*,
And our *courtiers*, at once they *outdo*.

22.

There you purchase, whatever you choose,
Fruits of all kinds, in *plentiful* crops,
Which the natives, bring off in canoes,
All the world like your *fruiterers* shops;
But Lord, what a strange set they are,
When your *money*'s of little avail,
They give less, for a *dollar* by far,
Than they will, for a *tenpenny nail!*

23.

In *Calcutta*, at last you arrive,
Expecting your troubles are finish'd,
But *Sircars*, and *Ramjohnnys* contrive,
To *prove*, they are not *much* diminish'd:
In *crowds* round your person they stand,
Whilst people of all *occupations*;
Keep *thrusting*, at once in your *hand*,
Large *bundles* of *recommendations*.

24.

How useful it is, you soon find,
To be able to talk *Hindoostanee*,
You *turn too*, sincerely inclined,
To try and interpret the *blarney*;
You learn a few phrases by *rote*,
And if that your progress is *great*,
While pouring laull-shrob in your *throat*,
It may chance to get into your *tete*.

25.

Then how charming to live at an inn,
So weak, you can *scarce* call the *waiter*,
And so *hot* that you *strip* to the *skin*,
And sit in the *costume* of nature;
In the *day* you're annoy'd by the *flies*,
At *night* you're so *bit* by *musquitoes*,
That by morning, yon find with *surprize*,
You scarce *recollect* your own *features*.

26.

How pleasant when ask'd out to meet,
Your friends and acquaintance at tiffin,
While your nearly *dissolving* with heat,
They *cooly* sit quizzing the *Griffin*;
Your looks I can't easy describe,
While burnt by the *mullagatauney*,
When *smarting*, you wish to *imbibe*,
And *roar* out for "*pinky pauncy*."

27.

Your *destiny* soon you deplore,
But alas! all you *sighing* is vain,
You cross the Atlantic no more,
Nor view your relations again;
In India you *live* all your *life*,
Accustom'd to *climate* and *weather*,
And blest with an *East Indian Wife*,
Forget *friends*, and *country* together!

On a Lady,

Asking her lover, "why he lived alone?"

Ah! let me ever live *alone*,
For what's the world to me?
I'ts ev'ry Joy's, for ever flown,
When I'm bereft of thee.

Yes let me grieve, and live alone,
Tho' you ne'er sigh for me,
Still shall my heart, be proud to own,
It live's *alone* for thee!

Lines Addressed,

By a neglected Lover to his Mistress, with a flower.

Ah Helen! view this blooming flower,
Whose ev'ry leaf resembles thee;
When drooping, dying, in that hour,
Believe it then, to liken me!

Now 'midst each heav'nly charm array'd,
Me thinks thy beautious form I view;
Then when it's blighted, and decay'd,
'T will look like him, who dies for you!

To meet with scorn, from those we love,
Is sure the worst of human pain;
For ah! how poignant, does it prove,
To *love*, but yet to *love* in *vain*!

Lines.

To a young Lady who boasted of the beauty of her roses and tulips.

THY roses are quite emblematic of thee,
Replete with each beauty divine;
But as for thy *tulips*, I freely agree,
No *two-lips* are sweeter than thine!

The flow'rs of the garden, e'er blossom to fade,
But were the prerogative mine;
Thy *two-'ips* should quickly, immortal be made,
And never their blossom resign!

"Returning to England."

Oh! England my country, to thee I'm returning,
With those I love dearly, for ever to dwell,
For long to my sorrow, alas! I've been learning,
He ever repents it, who bids thee *farewell!*

When rueing the hour, I was destin'd to leave thee,
The anguish I suffer'd, what language can tell?
I curs'd the false friend, who cou'd basely deceive me,
And tempt me to bid thee, a painful *farewell!*

When tost on the billows, the storm loudly roaring,
The scene cou'd but little, my sorrows dispel,
I heard the loud blast as it echoed, deploring,
I'd ever been destin'd, to bid thee *farewell!*

On Africa's shore, I a moment delighted,
'T was a novelty cheering, how quickly it fell,
Too soon I discover'd, it little requited,
The joys I'd resigned, by the hateful *farewell!*

On India's hot sands, my health fast declining,
I search'd for those luxuries, travellers tell,
But found all was vanity! often repining,
I'd ever been tempted, to bid thee *farewell!*

And when on thy bosom, again I'm reclining,
Partaking of joy's, which all others excel;
The wealth of Golconda, and India combining!
Shall never induce me, to bid thee *farewell!*

"Impromtu."

"*Uxor nomen est dignitatis sed non voluptatis.*"

If Husband be merely a name,
And dignity only accrues;
I'm not so ambitious of fame,
To put my own neck in a noose!

To Julia.

Me thinks thou art the sweetest flower,
That ever blossom'd in love's bower,
Thy sparkling eyes, with lustre shine;
To prove thy many charms divine:
At every view of thee I trace,
Still greater proofs, of dignity and grace!

The following attempt at Parody, is submitted to the reader, with all due deference.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old *Sub*,
Whose pallid looks, proclaim how long he's serv'd,
Who in his time, has met with many a *rub*;
Far more *he* thinks, than ever he *deserv'd*!

Once was I happy, in my native spot,
Till martial ardour, first *inspir'd* my brain,
Licutenant's rank alas! was all I got,
Lieutenant still, I'm destin'd to *remain!*

My *Camels* once, on whom my *baggage* went,
Lured by some villain, from the march's *track*;
Took all I had, my *Cloaths!* my *Cot!* my *Tent!*
And from that hour, they *never* did come *back*!

My *Nag*, sweet partner, of my toils and ease,
Struck with sad anguish, at the *price* of *grain*,
Fell! Stumbling fell! and *breaking* both his *knees*,
Left me once more, to plough the *turf* again!

Fate sends misfortunes, why shou'd we repine?
'Tis *Fate* alone, our destinies decide;
And *your* condition, may be soon like *mine*,
Without a *Tent* to live in! *Horse* to ride!

Finis.

Notes.

Intended chiefly for those, who peruse this volume in England, and may be unacquainted with particular terms and allusions which it contains.

1. *Banyan* an Agent transacting all important pecuniary concerns, a *Hindoo*, and possessing large property.—*Sircar* an Agent also of inferior Note, who never allows money to *slip* through his *fingers*, without receiving some benefit from it's *metallic powers!*

2. In the Companys Service, held by Commissioned Officers.

3. *Qui High, (or Kooee Hyn,)* "*(calling for a servant, &c.)* Europeans from their constant use of the phrase, are nicknamed *Qui Highs.*"

4. No Servant will act in a double capacity, being forbid by his religion and Cast, to pursue any other avocation, than that which his forefathers have invariably followed; hence the necessity of entertaining so many.

5. *Sindiah* a Marratha Chieftain long an opponent to British power in India, till checked by the energy and firmness of the Marquis of Wellesly's measures, seconded by the enterprizing bravery of the Indian army, under their then gallant Commander the late Lord Lake.

Mr. Metcalfe of the Civil Service, who had before been employed on important Embassies to Native Courts, was at this time Resident with Sindiah; he is now in a similar situation at Delhy.

6. *Holkur*, another Marratha Chief once formidable, whose power was also destroyed during the campaigns of 1803-4; he afterwards became insane, when *Ameer Khan* his Chief Sirdar, endeavoured to take possession of his territory, &c. He is since dead, having lived as much dreaded as he expired execrated.

7. *Ameer Khan* above-mentioned, a soldier of fortune, now in considerable power, and threatening sooner or later to give some trouble to the Indian Government.

8. 9. 10. " *Shooja Ool-Moolk*, (at this period was engaged in warfare with *Moohummed Shah*, who aimed at his overthrow, and it would appear has since succeeded: The Indian Government dispatched the Honorable Mr. Elphinstone on an Embassy to *Shooja*, who returned on finding the Country in so unsettled a state.

12. The *Seiks* a warlike people, possesing better Cavalry, than any other native power: Mr. Metcalfe was also deputed some years since on an Embassy to *their Chief Runjeet Singh*, and a considerable force under Lt. General St. Leger, was at the same time put in motion; to add due weight to the arguments of the British Embassador.

13. 14. 15. Rendered famous, from having been the spots on which Lord Lake's hard-contested battles were fought,

and where many a brave soldier fell covered with glory; Where the gallantry of the Indian Army, so fully proved to the misguided natives, how vain was the opposition of their *myriads*; even to a small body of disciplined British Troops!

16. 17. Terms used by Bonaparte during the interview.

18. Various streams or rivers, running through thick woods, the residence of Tygers &c.

19. Certainly not *calculated* to produce *Silk*.

20. *Pagoda*, a gold Coin, in circulation in various parts of India.

21. *Warming pans*, cannot be a *very* necessary appendage in India, Where the Thermometer often rises to 110 in the Shade!

*23. The *Rains*, a Season of all others, from its oppresive heat, least calculated for sitting *round a fire*.

24. Vide letters published in the English newspapers, said to have been written by a Nobleman from the field of Battle.

25. The lower order of Natives, live upon Rice and drink water from religious scruples, as well as inability to procure better fare; and it is fortunate their *religious tenets* agree so well with their *poverty*; the higher classes however indulge *rather* more freely!

26. *Natching* or Indian Dancing, performed by Women of low origin, brought up to the business from their infancy. The natives unaccustomed to *cut capers* themselves, look with no small surprize at Europeans "*footing it on the light fantastic.*" By no means impressing them, with a favorable opinion of the European character.

27. Contrast the simple dress of a *Hindoo*, with the English *long Coat, buckskin breeches, boots* &c.

28. *Dustoory* (or custom) a per centage deducted on all payments, by which Sircars and others amass considerable sums.

29. *Gopee Tukoor* and *Setul Persad, Hindoos,* and consequently not *over fond* of *Tea parties!*

30. *Rasbeharry Dutt,* a vender of European commodities in the *China Bazar,* or market place.

31. *Outcrys* are public sales or auctions. From the market having been for years overstocked, *whole* investments have often been brought to the *hammer,* and sold under *prime* Cost!

32. I need only refer to the preface to explain this passage.

33. On the approach of bad weather, numerous birds will hover about the Ship, making peculiar noises, appearing to be aware of the coming storm, and seeming *uninclined* to settle on the wave.

34. Sailors, have various prognostics of approaching Gales, among others *mackerel* skies, or forms of *mackercls* in the heavens.

35. Not a lawful term, altho' an *expressive* one.

36. The sails are gradually reefed as the wind encreases, till it's violence renders it necessary to *furl or hand* them.

37. *Ribbands,* not very poetical though explanatory.

38. The *Scuds,* are thin clouds or vapours, passing in rapid succession through the heavens, often in direct opposition to the course of the more dense ones.

39. The ship from working much in a gale, admits water through her seams; and shipping seas from the violence of the waves, great part of the water finds it way below.

40. In bad weather, it is unnecessary to state the importance

of good steering, the dangers from a contrary system, are *incalculable.*

41. The *Marine barometer*, by it's *timely* information has saved many a ship from *destruction:* it behoves Captains of ships to consult them *frequently* in *uncertain* latitudes.

42. The *Foremast* supports in a great measure, the other masts.

43. In Rice Ships, or those laden with pepper &c, it is most to be apprehended.

44. *Fast settling*, water logg'd and gradually sinking.

45. *Kuleean* (a smaller Hookah) used on the west coast and other parts of India.

46. *Hubble Bubble*, a kind of Hookah in use by the lower order of natives; made from the shell of the cocoa nut, with tube &c.

47. Called by Europeans the *Ganges*, by the natives *Ganga.*

48. Thick Jungles or Forrests.

49. Large Pools formed by the Rains, rendering the neighbourhood in general unhealthy, from their being stagnate.

50. *Amateurs*, often smoke in the *Trenches.*

51. "Seldom procurable" for a *large* encampment.

52. *Attachment* to the *Hookah*, decreases *loquacity.*

53. *Some* Ladies are remarkably fond of *Smoking;* it cannot be considered a very *elegant*, or *graceful* accomplishment!

54. *Munall* the part applied to the mouth, made generally of *Gold, Silver*, or *agate.*

55. A *discordant* kind of music.

56. Bad *Gools* often produce *more* smoke than is either *ne-*

cessary or *agreeable.* See 59.

57. If your *snake* is not good and clean, your *lungs* are often *exhausted* in the endeavour!

58. *Smoking another's Hookah,* saves *trouble* and *expence.*

59. The *Gools* (are round balls formed of rice and charcoal) very hard, these burn gradually over the tobacco.

60. Not over *pleasant* to have your Carpet *burnt* into *holes!*

61. The *remedy* often proves worse than the *disease.*

62. *Chiswick* has been chosen for the sake of rhyme.

63. The author has often experienced, the well known hospitality and kindness of the Gentleman, to whom he has taken the liberty to allude.

64. The ceremony of *shaving* on first crossing the line. In well regulated Ships *passengers* escape this *barbarous* ordeal!

65. *False Bay,* that in which Indiamen anchor during the winter season; (20 miles from Cape Town by land,) over rugged hills, to which latter place the mode of travelling is, in small *carts* or *waggons* without *springs,* drawn by 8 *small horses,* and managed by a coachman (and a *long* whip) with great *dexterity.*

66. " So called from the agitated state of surrounding Seas!

67. *Johanna* an Island in the Mosambique. The natives remarkable for their *customs,* and *ignorance* of the value of money, as well as their various *self assumed* Titles of *Lords, Dukes,* &c.

" *Pinniky Pauney*" anglice, Water to drink.

" *Laull Shrob*" Red Wine, meaning however *Claret.*

" *Ramzaany's,* Persons seeking employ in the capacity of *Kid-*

mutgars, &c. with *newly* arrived Gentlemen, or *Taza Wullaits*! from so many being thus designated, these fellows assume the name to illude discovery, in the event of absconding for *nefarious practices*.

Griffins a name given to men on their first arrival, from their ignorance of the manners and customs of India.

Junior and *Senior Merchant*, ranks in the Civil Service.

Trichinopoly, a Town on the Coast.

Chinsura, on the river Hoogly, the Dutch had a factory there.

Serampoor, within a few miles of the above; a Danish settlement.

Dum Dum, 9 miles from Calcutta, the Artillery Cantonment.

"*Sirdar Bearer*," Keeper of your Wardrobe, or *native Valet de Chambre*.

"*Cuddum Koob outou*" *put* out the feet well or march"

The following verse should have been inserted in Page 53.

(VERSE 5.)

And now the dreadful conflict o'er,
And cannon cease to rattle,
I hear his noble soul deplore;
Those fallen in the Battle:
Then let us each our praise bestow,
On one so well deserving:
Long may the World his value know;
And pray for his preserving.

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